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THE NEW WEEKLY



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WINDOW and DOOR screens should be coated with Jap-a-lac each fall before storing, it prevents rust; use the Brilliant Black on the wire, and the

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WATER PIPES, furnace fronts, radiators, hot water tanks and iron fences are preserved and beautified with the use of Jap-a-lac. Use the Gold, Aluminum, Dead Black or Brilliant Black.

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Sept. 5



Collier's

Saturday, September 5, 1908



The Call of Nature

Cover design, drawn by Rollin Kirby

A Friendly Tow

Frontispiece, painted by Henry J. Peck

Editorials

In Quiet Retirement—1910

By JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

Cartoon

The Wright Aeroplane at Close Range

Photographs

The Other Animals

By JACK LONDON

Illustrated with Cartoons by Boardman Robinson

Heading by R. F. Thomson

The Shepherd's Bush Greeks

By JAMES B. CONNOLY

Illustrated with photographs

Wild-Boar Shooting

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Illustrated by George Wright

Alien. Story

By FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

Illustrated by George Brehm

Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy

XXXIII—Outside Exercises for Health

By HASHIMURA TOGO

Illustrated by Rollin Kirby

Camping

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Illustrated by J. L. S. Williams

The Olympic Games

By WALTER CAMP

On a Dismal Day

Poem, by Georgia Wood Pangborn

Volume XLI

Number 24

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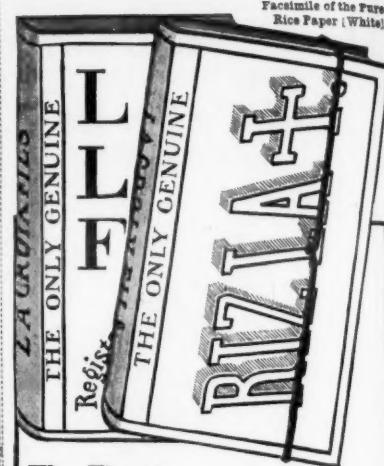
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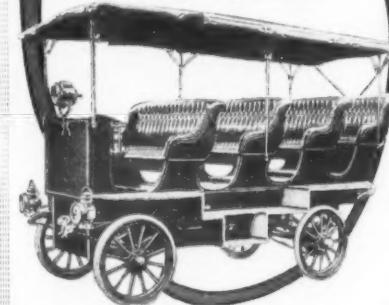
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Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, September 5, 1908



Collier's Fiction

No matter how superlatively good a single short story may be, it will only reach with its appeal a portion of the Collier audience. That is why we are going to publish the three special fiction numbers in the last week of September, October, and November. Each issue will contain three full-length short stories. The range of the stories in variety of subject, plot, character, and style will be sufficiently wide to permit no reader to escape uninterested. Pure adventure, with an attractive though tragic love-story, will be cared for in the September Fiction Number in "Romance," by Robert W. Chambers. In the same number a sea story, and the tale of a Western mining camp, by Stewart Edward White, will round out a paper that ought to appeal to all our readers. James B. Connolly tells the sea story, under the title of "The Cruise of the Flying Hind." It describes the life of New England fishermen, and it gives an inside picture of the up-to-date methods of smuggling Chinamen into Boston. There is a gifted heroine who is able to participate in a rescue by a deft piece of lead-swinging.

Baseball Articles

Before the diamonds are sealed for the winter and the bleachers cease from rooting, we shall publish a few articles on the game of baseball. Hugh Stuart Fullerton will write on "The Making of a World's Championship Ball Club." He tells how it took twenty years for the Chicago management to make a winning baseball team. It required thirteen years to annex the proper second baseman. During the twenty probation years, 583 players were on the salary roll. 48 second basemen were tried in thirteen years. "How many pitchers were tried and found wanting no one can tell accurately. The names of 212 appear on the books as pitchers, either in the regular season or during the training trips." The story of "Pop" Anson is told—Anson, who tried to build up a team of stars till he was thrown out of the club, after twenty-two years of work, because he could not win. Mr. Fullerton then shows the painful, laborious process of constructing a team, each man a lightning specialist in his position, but perfectly related and balanced to the rest of the team. "That's the story of the making of the team that holds the world's championship. At least half a million dollars have been spent in getting it together."

James Hopper will tell of a tour with a baseball team.

Allen Sangree describes the struggles, dangers, and triumphs of "The Umpire"—the best hated and loneliest figure in baseball life. He is an Ishmael of the diamond, with every man's hand against him.

"In every game there come up plays so quick and close that the man never lived who could invariably decide justly."

It is that thin margin of the doubtful which enrages the rooters and gives the umpire his chance to punish a crowd that has been hooting him.

"The paid ball player is a veritable madman when at work. He doesn't stop to think of a fifty-dollar fine when the umpire gives him the worst of it. Hardly! He uppercuts the arbiter, sinks his cleats in his instep, and occasionally pounds him with a bat."

Sept. 5

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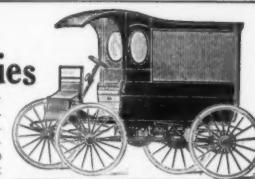
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Collier's



A Friendly Tow

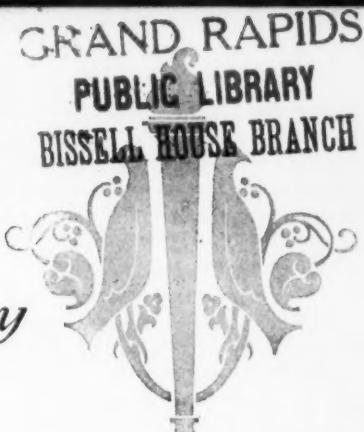
Painted by

HENRY J. PECK



Collier's

The National Weekly



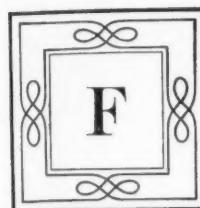
P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416-424 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

September 5, 1908

Cannon



ROM THE DANVILLE DISTRICT of Illinois will come returns which the whole country will scan eagerly on the night of November 3. Will there come the news of a great victory for progress and intelligence, or the old story of habit, local pull, and stupid ruts? "In JOSEPH G. CANNON of Illinois," wrote WILLIAM HARD, "the United States now possesses the most stationary political object ever exhibited within its boundaries." The Speaker observed the movement for pure food and clean meat with disgust. He was hostile to Senator LA FOLLETTE's bill endeavoring to give a more human life to railway employees. He was a bitter defender of the spoils system, and no idea of modern morality in politics has ever penetrated his obdurate intellect. He fought the resumption of specie payments formerly, as he fights the Appalachian bill to-day. In small and big things it is the same. He fought the great and immeasurably valuable reclamation bill, as he fights any decent bit of architecture or any little public park. This is the Speaker who appoints as chairman of the Public Lands Committee a man who is eager to help all individuals and corporations exploit those lands. It matters not what it may be; all improvements look equally bad to him. He packs committees against them and thus buries them. Is it not a disgrace to a so-called self-governing nation, which wishes to be intelligent and free, which wishes to progress, that a thick-spirited old politician should be able to say "No!" to the best and strongest purposes of the nation? If we were offered the privilege of eliminating ALDRICH, ROCKEFELLER, or CANNON from influence in America, without hesitation we should choose CANNON as the most dangerous of the three. If only the men of Danville would vote as independent human beings, and not respond, sheeplike and docile, to the habits of the party and the district! We fear Mr. CANNON will be reelected, and yet, when we remember the disgraceful way in which a venal Illinois Legislature passed the Allen bill for the benefit of YERKES, and the hold on the Danville Council, which enabled the CANNON brothers to seize part of the public pie before that scandalous law could be repealed, we almost believe the new wave of political enlightenment may strike Danville, and cause a glorious victory for the onward march.

Cohesive Power

A NOVEL REASON, and yet one not altogether without point, for voting against Mr. TAFT, comes to us from Boston and is thus expressed:

"EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY:

"Sir—In the event of the election of Mr. TAFT, and along with him, Mr. SHERMAN, will not our mutual friend, Mr. CANNON, have a still tighter grip on our 'free' Government? In fact, what could the well-meaning Mr. TAFT do with Mr. CANNON sitting on the House and extending his long arm of power over into the Senate, resting his thumb on the new President of the Senate, Mr. SHERMAN—the man he 'made'?

"Little has come to my notice in the public prints regarding this—what seems to me—serious situation. Can it be this is purposely being suppressed?

"Personally I should like to vote for Mr. TAFT, but under the circumstances I think I should risk Mr. BRYAN for President, with a Republican Congress to balance him, in preference to a wholly Cannon Government.

"Some remarks from you in this matter might be of interest to many of your readers.

Cordially yours,

A. C. EDWARDS.

"1815 Beacon Street."

Let us now jump from Beacon Street to Kansas, whence one of our freshest and most just correspondents sends us for guidance the philosophy which follows:

"I am enclosing you a couple of clippings, which indicate the drift in Kansas. Here is a word to all of you about the Senatorial situation in the West. The West is thoroughly in sympathy with what might be called the 'Roosevelt policies.' And the West means to go it alone to get them wherever ROOSEVELT or TAFT may stop. My reason for opposing ROOSEVELT for a third term was that the people who believe in the Roosevelt things might have exactly the issues they are now having: To cut loose from guiding-strings and work out their own political salvation. I think it is infinitely better for the people to do this for themselves, as they are doing it now, than for them to have it done for them. I believe it much more important that the people should elect their own men, as they have in the case of BRISTOW, and as they will in the case of CUMMINS and FOLK, and perhaps Foss, than to have ROOSEVELT do it for them. In short, I believe it is better for this Government for the people to boss the Senate in the interest of good govern-

ment than for ROOSEVELT to boss the Senate in the interest of good government. You know to defeat LONG out here we had to buck both TAFT and ROOSEVELT, and we did it, having unbounded faith in TAFT and unbounded admiration for ROOSEVELT. "Conditions in Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, and the Dakotas, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, and possibly Michigan, are exactly the same. The East calls this radicalism. I don't know what it is, but it certainly is a sort of declaration of independence from the domination of ALDRICH and CANNON and the machine. The primary law, which operates now pretty generally through the Mississippi Valley, gives us the weapon we need, and we'll not be slow to use it. Pardon this taking you all on my knee and telling you fairy stories!"

You are not only pardoned, dear sir, for your paternal attitude, but duly thanked. There is much in what you say. Whatever "radicalism" may contain of error, it contains much of needed truth. The Republican Party, soon or late, will be punished for the sins of CANNON. It will be punished if it beats HUGHES or prevents him from introducing direct primaries in his State, and from holding the benefits of the insurance investigations, and if it makes the work of the Public Service Commission impossible. It will be punished if it returns HEMENWAY, HOPKINS, FORAKER, PENROSE, STONE, and ANKENY to the Senate. There is enough life in the American people, soon or late, to end the system for which these men stand. If the Republicans do not check it, some radical party will probably win four years from now.

A Sensitive Campaign

M R. TAFT'S PROSPECTS of victory, as they stand at the moment when our ink is wetting the fresh COLLIER writing paper, are much greater than are those of Mr. BRYAN; but so delicate is the public temper, so fluid the general mind, that the relative advantages might alter in a day. The Republicans have already done several things in defiance of the people's conscience. They nominated SHERMAN. They stood brutally pat on the tariff. They rode roughly over Wisconsin's ideas. They selected as executive committeemen such men as PENROSE and DU PONT. The President favored LONG in Kansas and HOPKINS in Illinois. Any day, if this sort of thing goes on, a sudden wave may undo the great advantages of Mr. TAFT's superior fitness and Mr. ROOSEVELT's enormous popularity. Let the New York Republican machine lead the people to believe that HUGHES is marked for slaughter, and who knows what the psychological effect will be, not only in New York, but in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and those Western States which are still more suspicious of plutocracy and boss-rule? TAFT looks to be far ahead at present, but many a thing may happen, for the independent vote, as a whole, although it regards TAFT as the fitter candidate, would not greatly fear to have BRYAN as a President, and it is, therefore, in a state of mind where it may at any moment give the Republicans a lesson, rough indeed, and long to be remembered. Almost anything can happen in political feeling between now and the third day of next November.

A Peanut View

A NEWSPAPER IN ILLINOIS, of slight intelligence, called the "Herald-Transcript," observes that COLLIER'S has been bribed to fight the Honorable ALBERT J. HOPKINS:

"COLLIER'S declines, with shuddering, to take any part in politics or advocate the policy of any party, but, apparently, it is willing to let itself out as the assassin of statesmen, for space is expensive in COLLIER'S, and unless somebody paid the bitter attack recently made upon Senator HOPKINS would never have been printed."

Our reason for describing the "Herald-Transcript" as peanut-headed is that only a poorly endowed understanding could think such a charge against us an effective method of defending HOPKINS. Everybody knows that there is not money enough in Illinois to buy one line of editorial space in COLLIER'S. Everybody also knows that ALBERT J. HOPKINS is unfit to sit in the Senate of the United States.

Politics and Ships

MANY INTERESTING QUESTIONS exist about our navy, but most of them can be sunk in one great condition. The others are details. They are insignificant compared to the importance of the fact that in the navy we have no strategic board; no permanent body of men whose sole duty it is to study the art of naval war. Under Mr. Root's

able guidance there was applied to the army at last a lesson which most nations imbibed from the Franco-German War and the wonderful success of the German General Staff. The navy is still left without intellectual preparation for its possible task. Another war would find our Navy Department in a panic and without a plan, even as past wars have found it. We met a weak enemy in Spain, but we need not forget that Admiral DEWEY's first move was forced by a British official three days after war existed, although if we had had any body of men whose business it was to deal with such situations he would have been sent to Manila without an hour's delay. Thinking can not be done, mental training can not be improvised, after hostilities begin. If we are going to have a navy at all, it would seem reasonable to have a system by which we might know how to use it in case of war. If we were compelled to fight Japan or Germany, for example, either country would know its plan, and long previous expert thought would be put to use at once. We, on the other hand, should begin with nothing adequately thought out. We spend vast sums on the navy and do not prepare to get a reasonable return for our expense. The study of strategy is a side issue. It is incredible, whether our navy be large or small, that it should be wilfully kept from a proper advance study of its problems. As Admiral DEWEY said, we have separate and independent bureaus, with no trained and responsible coordinating power. What forces at Washington thwart the navy in its need of a general staff?

Suggestions

FOR improving the navy's morale, two alterations of detail especially are being urged by many of the most intelligent officers. One is to remove the confusion between rank and title. It is urgently argued that to call a doctor or a paymaster a major-general or a lieutenant-colonel is not to increase the dignity of his profession, but to lower that of the one which his title imitates; that in this country titles are given only for utility, not for show; that the present system is part of a rage for titles and decorations for social purposes, which is unworthy of a democracy. The other change, affecting the morale, which many higher naval officers favor, is in the duties of the marines, especially an abolition of their function as police for the blue-jackets. The quality of the common sailors has been much raised in the last few years, and it is contended that better results will be gotten from them if they are not treated as inferior to soldiers. Probably both of these changes would be beneficial, but they, and many other questions like them, are minor matters, and perhaps open to discussion; the general staff is the one great topic, to which there are no two sides, and of which the importance is transcendent. If President ROOSEVELT does not feel that he can rush this change through before March 4, it certainly ought to be forced from Congress by the next President and his Secretary of War.

Playgrounds

THE SECOND ANNUAL CONGRESS of the Playground Association of America, to be held in New York City, September 8 to 12, will draw from all over the United States. Besides games by boys and

girls, models of municipal, school, roof, and backyard playgrounds, discussions by experts, and addresses by public men, there will be a variety of general features, among them one of special promise, the Harvest Festival. As the committee in charge points out, there are people of different races and of many nations gathered under the American flag, yet living apart, each with its own traditions, its own history, its own beliefs—and still, in a sense, living as one people, sharing the same highways, the fruits of one another's labor, the same parks, playgrounds, and recreations. In this Playground Congress there is an opportunity for groups from the various nations represented in New York to cooperate in a social demonstration, even as they cooperate in labor, and the plan is for these groups to take part in a festival that shall express traditions of agricultural pursuits and harvest dances of each nation, and at the same time show the part each plays in the production of the natural wealth of America. The groups include Italians, Hungarians, French, Germans, Dutch, colored, Russians, Slavs, Swedes, and Kelts, and they will represent fruit-gatherers, wine-growers, farmers, dairymen, cotton and tobacco growers, wheat-raisers, lumberers, miners, fishermen, and raisers of sheep and flax. The features, as will be seen, cover a broad ground, but the central and unifying idea will be the welfare and happiness of the child.

Preservatives

ONE incumbent of the present Cabinet who, we devoutly trust, will disappear upon the fourth of March is the honorable Secretary of Agriculture, JAMES WILSON by name. The resolutions of censure regarding his course, voted by the Association of State and National Food and Dairy Departments at Mackinac the other day, was, in our opinion,

justified. And the statements of that body regarding preservatives in food were certainly distinct:

"Resolved, That this association is convinced that all chemical preservatives are harmful in foods, and that all kinds of food products are and may be prepared without them."

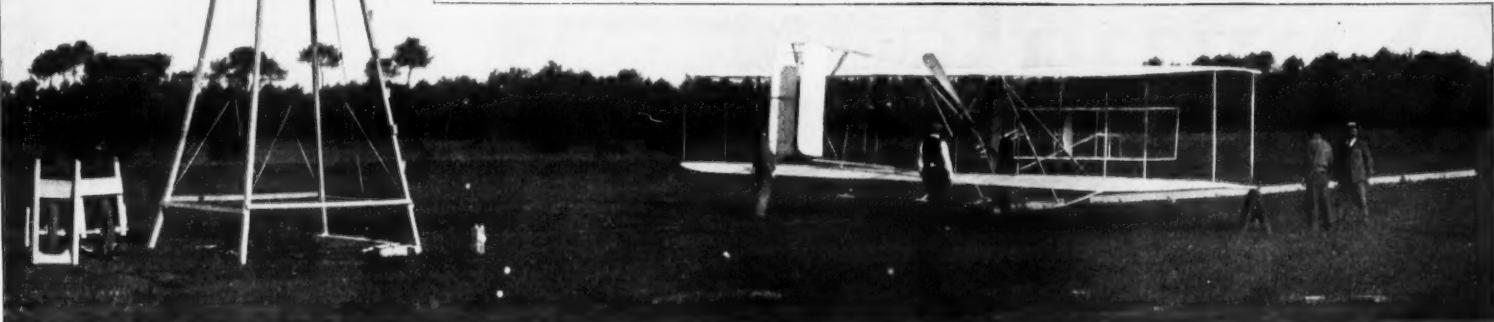
One of the manufacturers taking this position most constantly and decisively has been the Heinz Company. We notice with much interest that the T. A. Snider Company, one of the largest sellers of preserved foods in the country, has now come out with the announcement that all its goods for the coming season will be prepared without preservatives.

An Invention

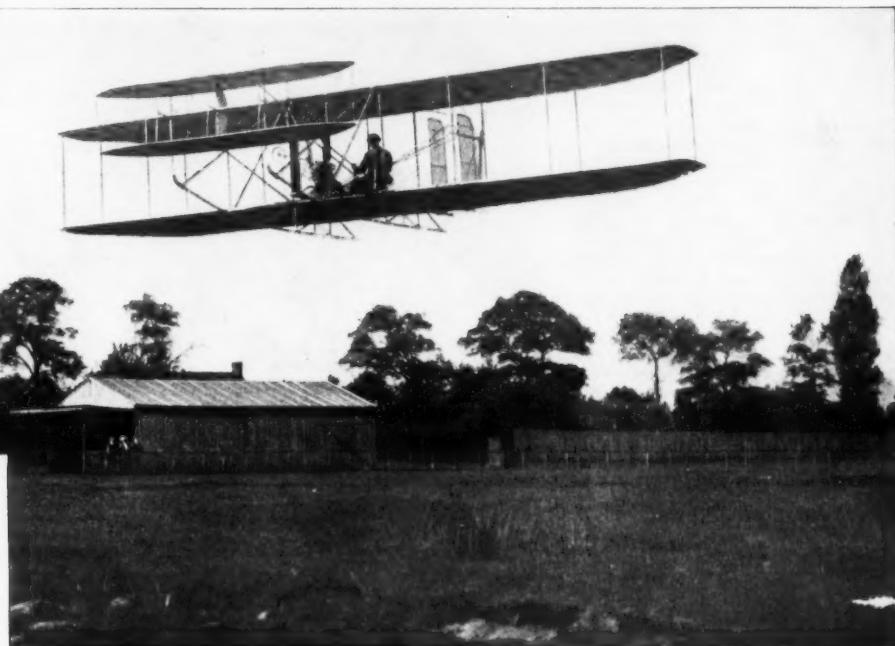
BOTTLED GAS as an illuminant may soon be sold over the counter. A gas amenable to such treatment is said to have been discovered in Germany. Compressed to 1-400 of its normal gaseous bulk, and contained in a steel flask, it will furnish a large supply of light and heat. The homeward-bound householder apparently will soon be carrying in his coat pocket enough gas for the week. With such a local reservoir, the "Old Homestead" type of sojourner in the city could put out the gas with lessened chances of asphyxiation. Gas sold by the bottle would diminish the need for the meter—that Ananias among automata. And thus constantly does inventive man alter the conditions of his life.



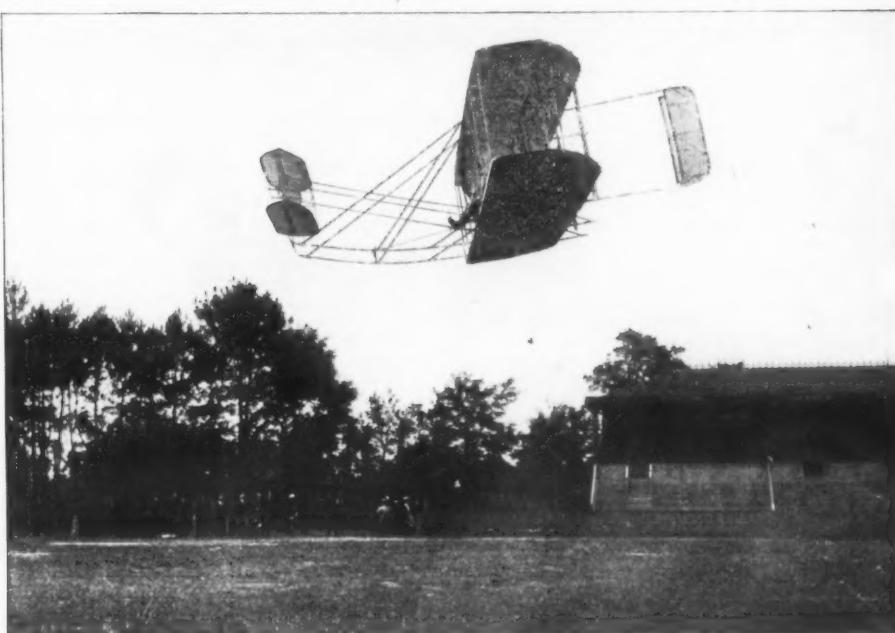
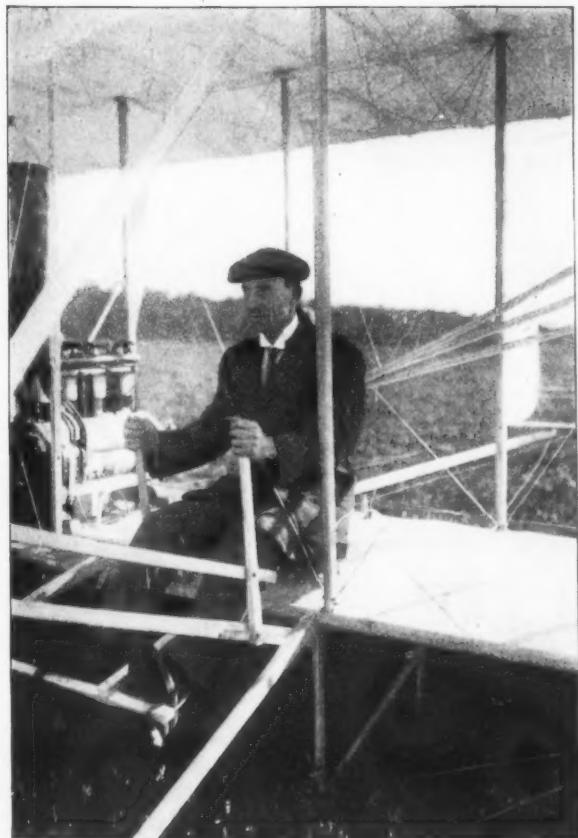
The aeroplane just leaving the rail and starting upward. The camera has been quick enough to catch a slightly blurred outline of the two propellers revolving on either side of the rear rudder. Mr. Wilbur Wright is seen sitting amidships at the left of the engine, with his hand upon the steering apparatus



Aeroplane on the ground, beside the mono-rail on which it is started, the weight whose fall assists the initial impulse of the machine being just at the left



Appearance of the aeroplane in flight, as viewed from the front

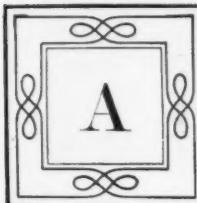


On the left, beside the engine, sits Mr. Wright with both hands grasping the rudder levers. To the right is a side view of the machine, showing with especial clearness the rear rudder, with which it is steered to right or left, and the forward rudder, with which it is steered upward or downward. This view especially shows the excellent proportions and the grace of the Wright machine as compared with the French machines, with their long box-kite rudders trailing in the rear

The Wright Aeroplane at Close Range at Le Mans, France



The Other Animals



AMERICAN journalism has its moments of fantastic hysteria, and when it is on the rampage the only thing for a rational man to do is to climb a tree and let the cataclysm go by. And so, some time ago, when the word *nature-faker* was coined, I, for one, climbed into my tree and stayed there. I happened to be in Hawaii at the time, and a Honolulu reporter elicited the sentiment from me that I thanked God that I was not an authority on anything. This sentiment was promptly cabled to America in an Associated Press despatch, whereupon the American press (possibly incensed because I had not climbed down out of my tree) charged me with paying for advertising by cable at a dollar per word—the very human way of the American press, which, when a man refuses to come down and be licked, makes faces at him.

But now that the dreadful storm is over, let us come and reason together. I have been guilty of writing two animal stories—two books about dogs. The writing of these two stories, on my part, was in truth a protest against the "humanizing" of animals, of which it seemed to me several "animal writers" had been profoundly guilty. Time and again, and many times, in my narratives, I wrote, speaking of my dog-heroes: "He did not think these things; he merely did them," etc. And I did this repeatedly, to the clogging of my narrative and in violation of my artistic canons; and I did it in order to hammer into the average human understanding that these dog-heroes of mine were not directed by abstract reasoning, but by instinct, sensation, and emotion, and by simple reasoning. Also, I endeavored to make my stories in line with the facts of evolution; I hewed them to the mark set by scientific research, and awoke, one day, to find myself bundled neck and crop into the camp of the nature-fakers.

President Roosevelt was responsible for this, and he tried and condemned me on two counts. (1) I was guilty of having a big, fighting bulldog whip a wolf-dog. (2) I was guilty of allowing a lynx to kill a wolf-dog in a pitched battle. Regarding the second count, President Roosevelt was wrong in his field observations. He must have read my story hastily, for in my story I had the wolf-dog kill the lynx. Not only did I have my wolf-dog kill the lynx, but I made him eat the body of the lynx as well. Remains only the first count on which to convict me of nature-faking, and the first count does not charge me with diverging from ascertained facts. It is merely a statement of a difference of opinion. President Roosevelt does not think a bulldog can lick a wolf-dog. I think a bulldog can lick a wolf-dog. And there we are. Difference of opinion may make, and does make, horse-racing. I can understand that difference of opinion can make dog-fighting. But what gets me is how difference of opinion regarding the relative fighting merits of a bulldog and a wolf-dog makes me a nature-faker and President Roosevelt a vindicated and triumphant scientist.

Then entered John Burroughs to clinch President Roosevelt's judgments. In this unholy alliance there is no difference of opinion. That Roosevelt can do no wrong is Burroughs's opinion; and that Burroughs is always right is Roosevelt's opinion. Both are agreed that animals do not reason. They assert that all animals below man are automats and perform actions only of two sorts—mechanical and reflex—and that in such actions no reasoning enters at all. They believe that man is the only animal capable of reasoning and that ever does reason. This is a view that makes the twentieth century scientist smile. It is not modern at all. It is distinctly medieval. President Roosevelt and John Burroughs, in advancing such a view, are

In which the Author Clinches with Theodore Roosevelt and John Burroughs on "Nature-Faking," Locating the President in the Ananias Club, and both in the Genus of Homocentrics

By JACK LONDON



Mr. London to his amanuensis: "Simple reflex action, compound reflex action, memory, habit, rudimentary reason, and abstract reason"

homocentric in the same fashion that the scholastics of earlier and darker centuries were homocentric. Had not the world been discovered to be round until after the births of President Roosevelt and John Burroughs, they would have been geocentric as well in their theories of the Cosmos. They could not have believed otherwise. The stuff of their minds is so conditioned. They talk the argot of evolution, while they no more understand the essence and the import of evolution than does a South Sea Islander or Sir Oliver Lodge understand the noumena of radioactivity.

The President Short on Evolution

NOW, President Roosevelt is an amateur. He may know something of statecraft and of big-game shooting; he may be able to kill a deer when he sees it and to measure it and weigh it after he has shot it; he may be able to observe carefully and accurately the actions and antics of tom-tits and snipe, and, after he has observed it, to definitely and coherently convey the information of when the first chipmunk, in a certain year and a certain latitude and longitude, came out in the spring and chattered and gamboled—but that he should be able, as an individual observer, to analyze all animal life and to synthesize and develop and know all that is known of the method and significance of evolution, would require a vaster credulity for you or me to believe than is required for us to believe the biggest whopper ever told by an unmitigated nature-faker. No, President Roosevelt does not understand evolution, and he does not seem to have made much of an attempt to understand evolution.

Remains John Burroughs, who claims to be a thorough-going evolutionist. Now, it is rather hard for a young

man to tackle an old man. It is the nature of young men to be more controlled in such matters, and it is the nature of old men, presuming upon the wisdom that is very often erroneously associated with age, to do the tackling. In this present question of nature-faking, the old men did the tackling, while I, as one young man, kept quiet a long time. But here goes at last. And first of all let Mr. Burroughs's position be stated, and stated in his words.

Reason Versus Instinct

"WHY impute reason to an animal if its behavior can be explained on the theory of instinct?" Remember these words, for they will be referred to later. "A goodly number of persons seem to have persuaded themselves that animals do reason." "But instinct suffices for the animals . . . they get along very well without reason." "Darwin tried hard to convince himself that animals do at times reason in a rudimentary way; but Darwin was also a much greater naturalist than psychologist." The preceding quotation is tantamount, on Mr. Burroughs's part, to a flat denial that animals reason even in a rudimentary way. And when Mr. Burroughs denies that animals reason even in a rudimentary way, it is equivalent to affirming, in accord with the first quotation in this paragraph, that instinct will explain every animal act that might be confounded with reason by the unskilled or careless observer.

Having bitten off this large mouthful, Mr. Burroughs proceeds with serene and beautiful satisfaction to masticate it in the following fashion. He cites a large number of instances of purely instinctive actions on the parts of animals, and triumphantly demands if they are acts of reason. He tells of the robin that fought day after day its reflected image in a window-pane; of the birds in South America that were guilty of drilling clear through a mud wall, which they mistook for a solid clay-bank; of the beaver that cut down a tree four times because it was held at the top by the branches of other trees; of the cow that licked the skin of her stuffed calf so affectionately that it came apart, whereupon she proceeded to eat the hay with

which it was stuffed. He tells of the phoebe-bird that betrays her nest on the porch by trying to hide it with the moss in similar fashion to the way all phoebe-birds hide their nests when they are built among rocks. He tells of the high-hole that repeatedly drills through the clapboards of an empty house in a vain attempt to find a thickness of wood deep enough in which to build its nest. He tells of the migrating lemmings of Norway that plunge into the sea and drown in vast numbers because of their instinct to swim lakes and rivers in the course of their migrations. And, having told a few more instances of like kidney, he triumphantly demands: Where now is your much-vaunted reasoning of the lower animals?

No schoolboy in a class debate could be guilty of unfair argument. It is equivalent to replying to the assertion that $2 + 2 = 4$, by saying: "No; because $12 \div 4 = 3$. I have demonstrated my honorable opponent's error." When a man attacks your ability as a foot-racer, promptly prove to him that he was drunk the week before last, and the average man in the crowd of gaping listeners will believe that you have convincingly refuted the slander on your foot-racing ability. On my honor, it will work. Try it some day. It is done every day. Mr. Burroughs has done it himself, and, I doubt not, pulled the sophistical wool over a great many pairs of eyes. No, no, Mr. Burroughs: you can't disprove that animals reason by proving that they possess instincts. But the worst of it is that you have at the same time pulled the wool over your own eyes. You have set up a straw man and knocked the stuffing out of him in the complacent belief that it was the reasoning of lower animals you were knocking out of the minds of those who disagreed with you. When the

Collier's

highhole perforated the ice-house and let out the sawdust, you called him a lunatic.

But let us be charitable—and serious. What Mr. Burroughs instances as acts of instinct certainly are acts of instinct. By the same method of logic one could easily adduce a multitude of instinctive acts on the part of man and thereby prove that man is an unreasoning animal. But man performs actions of both sorts. Between man and the lower animals Mr. Burroughs finds a vast gulf. This gulf divides man from the rest of his kin by virtue of the power of reason that he alone possesses. Man is a voluntary agent. Animals are automatons. The robin fights its reflection in the window-pane because it is his instinct to fight and because he can not reason out the physical laws that make his reflection appear real. An animal is a mechanism that operates according to foreordained rules. Wrapped up in its heredity, and determined long before it was born, is a certain limited capacity of ganglionic response to external stimuli. These responses have been fixed in the species through adaptation to environment. Natural selection has compelled the animal automatically to respond in a fixed manner and a certain way to all the usual external stimuli it encounters in the course of a usual life. Thus, under usual circumstances, it does the usual thing. Under unusual circumstances it still does the usual thing, wherefore the highhole is guilty of lunacy—of unreason, in short. To do the unusual thing under unusual circumstances, successfully to adjust to a strange environment for which his heredity has not automatically fitted an adjustment, Mr. Burroughs says is impossible. He says it is impossible because it would be a non-instinctive act, and, as is well known, animals act only through instinct. And right here we catch a glimpse of Mr. Burroughs's cart standing before his horse. He has a thesis, and though the heavens fall he will fit the facts to the thesis. Agassiz, in his opposition to evolution, had a similar thesis, though neither did he fit the facts to it nor did the heavens fall. Facts are very disagreeable at times.

Some Rollo Stories

BUT let us see. Let us test Mr. Burroughs's test of reason and instinct. When I was a small boy I had a dog named Rollo. According to Mr. Burroughs, Rollo was an automaton, responding to external stimuli mechanically as directed by his instincts. Now, as is well known, the development of instinct in animals is a dreadfully slow process. There is no known case of the development of a single instinct in domestic animals in all the history of their domestication. Whatever instincts they possess they brought with them from the wild thousands of years ago. Therefore, all Rollo's actions were ganglionic discharges mechanically determined by the instincts that had been developed and fixed in the species thousands of years ago. Very well. It is clear, therefore, that in all his play with me he would act in old-fashioned ways, adjusting himself to the physical and psychical factors in his environment according to the rules of adjustment which had obtained in the wild and which had become part of his heredity.

Rollo and I did a great deal of rough romping. He chased me and I chased him. He nipped my legs, arms, and hands, often so hard that I yelled, while I rolled him and tumbled him and dragged him about, often so strenuously as to make him yelp. In the course of the play many variations arose. I would make believe to sit down and cry. All repentance and anxiety, he would wag his tail and lick my face, whereupon I would give him the laugh. He hated to be laughed at, and promptly he would spring for me with good-natured, menacing jaws, and the wild romp would go on. I had scored a point. Then he hit upon a trick. Pursuing him into the woodshed, I would find him in a far corner, pretending to sulk. Now, he dearly loved the play, and never got enough of it. But at first he fooled me. I thought I had somehow hurt his feelings, and I came and knelt before him, petting him and speaking lovingly. Promptly, in a wild outburst, he was up and away, tumbling me over on the floor as he dashed out in a mad skurry around the yard. He had scored a point.

After a time it became largely a game of wits. I reasoned my acts, of course, while his were instinctive. One day, as he pretended to sulk in the corner, I glanced out of the woodshed doorway, simulated pleasure in face, voice, and language, and greeted one of my schoolboy friends. Immediately Rollo forgot to sulk, rushed out to see the newcomer, and saw empty space. The laugh was on him, and he knew it, and I gave it to him, too. I fooled him in this way two or three times; then he became wise. One day I worked a variation. Suddenly looking out the door, making believe that my eyes had been attracted by a moving form, I said coldly, as a child educated in turning away bill-collectors would say: "No, my father is not at home." Like a shot, Rollo was out the door. He even ran down the alley to the front of the house in a vain attempt to find the man I had addressed. He came back sheepishly to endure the laugh and resume the game.

And now we come to the test. I fooled Rollo, but how was the fooling made possible? What precisely went on in that brain of his? According to Mr. Burroughs, who denies even rudimentary reasoning to the lower animals, Rollo acted instinctively, mechanically responding to the external stimulus, furnished by me, that led him to believe that a man was outside the door. Since Rollo acted instinctively, and since all instincts are very ancient, tracing back to the pre-domestication period, we can conclude only that Rollo's wild ancestors, at the time this particular instinct was fixed into the heredity of the species, must have been in close, long-continued and vital contact with man, the voice of man, and the expressions on the face of man. But since the instinct must have been developed during the pre-domestication period, how under the sun could his wild undomesticated ancestors have experienced the close, long-continued, and vital contact with man?

A Pinch of Brain-Stuff

M R. BURROUGHS says that "instinct suffices for the animals," that "they get along very well without reason." But I say what all the poor nature-fakers will say, that Rollo reasoned. He was born into the world, a bundle of instincts and a pinch of brain-stuff, all

another who turned and suddenly addressed an imaginary intruder? Here is a case in point that occurred in the West. A robber had held up a railroad train. He stood in the aisle between the seats, his revolver presented at the head of the conductor who stood facing him. The conductor was at his mercy. But the conductor suddenly looked over the robber's shoulder, at the same time saying aloud to an imaginary person standing at the robber's back: "Don't shoot him." Like a flash the robber whirled about to confront this new danger, and like a flash the conductor shot him down. Show me, Mr. Burroughs, where the mental process in the robber's brain was a shade different from the mental process in Rollo's brain, and I'll quit nature-faking and join the Trappists. Surely, when a man's mental process and a dog's mental process are precisely similar, the much-vaunted gulf of Mr. Burroughs's fancy has been bridged.

I had a dog in Oakland. His name was Glen. His father was Brown, a wolf-dog that had been brought down from Alaska, and his mother was a half-wild mountain shepherd dog. Neither father nor mother had had any experience with automobiles. Glen came from the country, a half-grown puppy, to live in Oakland. Immediately he became infatuated with an automobile. He reached the culmination of happiness when he was permitted to sit up in the front seat alongside the chauffeur. He would spend a whole day at a time on an automobile debauch, even going without food. Often the machine started directly from inside the barn, dashed out the driveway without stopping, and was gone. Glen got left behind several times. The custom was established that whoever was taking the machine out should toot the horn before starting. Glen learned the signal. No matter where he was nor what he was doing, when that horn tooted he was off for the barn and up into the front seat.

One morning, while Glen was on the back porch eating his breakfast of mush and milk, the chauffeur tooted. Glen rushed down the steps, into the barn, and took his front seat, the mush and milk dripping down his excited and happy chops. In passing, I may point out that in thus forsaking his breakfast for the automobile he was displaying what is called the power of choice—a peculiarly lordly attribute that, according to Mr. Burroughs, belongs to man alone. Yet Glen made his choice between food and fun.

It was not that Glen wanted his breakfast less, but that he wanted his ride more. The toot was only a joke. The automobile did not start. Glen waited and watched. Evidently he saw no signs of an immediate start, for finally he jumped out of the seat and went back to his breakfast. He ate with indecent haste, like a man anxious to catch a train. Again the horn tooted, again he deserted his breakfast, and again he sat in the seat and waited vainly for the machine to go. They came close to spoiling Glen's breakfast for him, for he was kept on the jump between porch and barn. Then he grew wise. They tooted the horn loudly and insistently, but he stayed by his breakfast and finished it. Thus once more did he display power of choice, incidentally of control, for when that horn tooted it was all he could do to refrain from running for the barn.

The Dog and the Chauffeur's Joke

THE nature-faker would analyze what went on in Glen's brain somewhat in the following fashion. He had had, in his short life, experiences that not one of all his ancestors had ever had. He had learned that automobiles went fast, that once in motion it was impossible for him to get on board, that the toot of the horn was a noise that was peculiar to automobiles. These were so many propositions. Now reasoning can be defined as the act or process of the brain by which, from propositions known or assumed, new propositions are reached. Out of the propositions which I have shown were Glen's, and which had become his through the medium of his own observation of the phenomena of life, he made the new proposition that when the horn tooted it was time for him to get on board.

But on the morning I have described, the chauffeur fooled Glen. Somehow, and much to his own disgust, his reasoning was erroneous. The machine did not start after all. But to reason incorrectly is very human. The great trouble in all acts of reasoning is to include all the propositions in the problem. Glen had included every proposition but one, namely, the human proposition, the joke in the brain of the chauffeur. For a number of times Glen was fooled. Then he performed another mental act. In his problem he included the human proposition (the joke in the brain of the chauffeur), and he reached the new conclusion that when the horn tooted the automobile was *not* going to start. Basing his action on this conclusion, he remained on the porch and finished his breakfast. You and I, and even Mr. Burroughs, perform acts of reasoning precisely similar to this every day in our lives. How Mr. Burroughs will explain Glen's action by the instinctive theory is beyond me. In wildest fantasy, even, my brain refuses to follow Mr. Burroughs into the primeval forest, where Glen's dim ancestors, to the tooting of automobile-horns, were fixing into the heredity of the



"Instinct!"

The President and Mr. Burroughs observing carefully the antics of tom-tits and snipe. Theodore and John together: "Instinct, sheer instinct!"

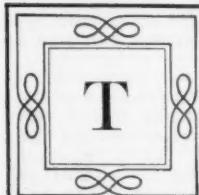


Fourth OLYMPIAD

The Shepherd's Bush

The Athletes of America, "mostly Irish," the Leaping Scandinavian maidens,

By JAMES B. CONNOLY



THE fourth modern Olympiad: two thousand selected athletes from the Occidental nations, a most impressive column marching past King Edward on the opening day, and later, in action, performing prodigiously; it is doubtful if all the cycles of ancient Greece saw half their equals.

An impressive host, and from the front ranks emerged triumphant the shining figure of Young America, who may be personified as a youth rather under than over twenty-five, of good height and not too great weight, of almost any racial extraction—Teuton, Saxon, Scandinavian, Latin, but mostly Irish, and always of the exuberant spirit of the nation yet in its youth. Consider their deeds. There was John Flanagan. A stout man is Flanagan, but that wasn't it. The docks of any water-side city are crowded with stouter men, plenty of whom outgirth him, and here and there one to lift more and hold it higher than John ever could; but 'tis not John's muscle, expansive though that is. It is the nervous energy, skill, the rhythm in action. A poem in kinetics it is to see John Flanagan throw a hammer. Now almost any husky man with practise can heave a 16-pound hammer a respectable distance sometimes, but only John Flanagan can cast it every time nearly as far as any other man, living or dead, ever cast it, and quite often farther. And that is the man for an Olympic meet—who so often throws it farther.

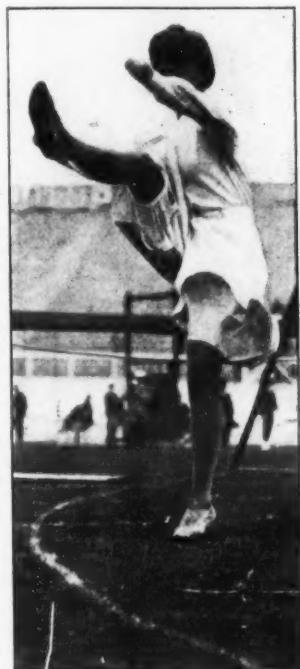
And there is Sheridan. If we were asked to pick out the greatest all-round athlete to-day, it would infallibly be Sheridan. There he stands, a man tall and wide of shoulder, but not overheavy. It is hard to convince those who never saw him that the Sheridan who regularly casts that 4½-pound discus farther than any other man is not extraordinarily muscular; but he is not. To be sure, the average yeggman, were he to feel Policeman Sheridan's lawful hand on his shoulder, would say 'twas an outrageously powerful one, but with the giants who juggle weights it is not so.

Sheridan in Marble

SHERIDAN'S superiority lies in his speed and sense of rhythm; also, of course, in his extraordinary skill and temperament. His is the brain which directs the sane, intelligent practise. His also is the soul which delights in battle. Never is he so great as when it is "up to him." In one of his dual victories at these games he did not win until his second last try, and in the other it was not till his very last try that he saved the day. And then he saved it decisively. His friends from the stands, a vociferous legion, were urging him frantically to the charge, but in the middle of the arena the hero could not catch their words; only he knew there was something troubling them. "Never mind," says Martin, and, with the easy sweep of confident genius, waved his hand largely and went in and won, and incidentally broke the old record by about ten feet. "You know how it is when you feel it in your bones," said Martin reminiscing later, "when you feel that way they can't dig them out of the grave to beat you." When some supreme sculptor wishes to fix for all time the figure of the twentieth century athlete, he will follow

the lines of some such man as Sheridan—tall, wide-shouldered, rather sinewy than bulky, standing slightly crouched in the circle, free arms about to sweep wide and smoothly, body poised for the rapid turn, head forward, and eyes looking far down the line.

And there was our high-hurdle champion. A dozen years ago you might have heard experts discuss the possibility of some day seeing a man run the high hurdles in fifteen seconds. Most said "Never," but in London it was done. Consider it. A man runs over 120 yards of turf, clearing on the way ten wooden fences, each three and a half feet high and ten yards apart—all in fifteen seconds. That was Smithson from the Pacific Coast. Consider the speed and precision of his strides. If you were looking for a slashing half-back, a man fast enough to get by good ends and yet heavy enough to hit a line hard, your eyes would rest long on Smithson. And there was the stout-hearted Melvin Sheppard, the greatest middle distance runner of athletic history, who ran six racing heats of 800 and 1,500 meters, all in very fast time, one of them an Olympic record, another in world's record time, and had something left at the finish. And a young chap, Bacon, loped over ten hurdles and a quarter-mile of turf in fifty-five seconds. And Irons got over enough ground in a running long jump to clear a respectable city street



These fine, well-figured, and not unfeminine creatures who really gave an exhibition of vigorous gymnastics

—24½ feet—in one bound, toe to heel! And Daniels, the swimmer, who can plow through one hundred yards straightaway of dead water well inside the minute! And these are typically American, of the Americans who are shaping the future rather than living in the past, and only America just now seems to be producing these remarkable athletes in any numbers.

But most surprising of all, not so much to us as to the foreigners, was Hayes in the 26½ miles Marathon run. Now here was an event that of all others should have gone to England. No marvel that, here in America, with our mixed bloods in competition and almost everybody living under pressure, we produce great sprinters, leapers, and weight-throwers; but the long, plodding effort had always been held to be peculiarly the characteristic of the more sluggish peo-



Irons got over enough ground in a running long jump to clear a respectable city street



In the four hundred meters Hulswell (back of third man from left) was a beaten, overrun man when the judges so hastily broke the tape. It was the pace which killed him—not any supposititious or real interference from Carpenter

Greeks

and the Fiery Sprinters from Southern Europe as Prophetic of the Coming Race

ples. We conceded in advance that England would do very well in the Marathon, and English experts themselves modestly stated that it would be all English, that probably no one from the United States would get in the first eight. They agreed on that, and yet the race was won by an American; there were three Americans in the first five, and the first Englishman finished as far back as thirteenth. Never such a reversal of traditions. And how did that come about?

Well, it was a hot day. Now a hot day is all right for fast sprinting—all records for such have been made on red-hot days—but not so for a 26-mile race. In half that distance on a hot day a man can leave himself flat as an empty balloon. And this is what the English runners did. For twelve miles or so there was nothing to it but the native sons and much jubilation among the proletariat along the highway. Then the favored ones blew up. And to add to their distress, while trying to recuperate, along came one Dorando Pietri, who proceeded to go on by as if they were bystanders, because of which much patriotic and scandalous criticism by the casual spectators along the road. If it had been an Englishman, now, of reputation, but a man of whom they had never heard, they reasoned that they must have been mistaken in their estimate of the pace; there were those who set whole sail and went after him, and so the number of highly certified local runners who melted into the horizon of that dusty landscape in trying to hold the flying Italian for the next half-dozen miles could only be reckoned up by a man with pencil and paper. "Was Dorando who broke up the game. And, stupefying to behold, a dago! Shades of all the Athelstanes, but where this day was the Anglo-Saxon?"

Hayes, the Unfaltering

AND the Italian ran gallantly onward, but just short of the goal collapsed. Now, no American in that Stadium that day but was pained to see him trying to crawl through the last three hundred yards. No American there but would have cheered him if he had made it, but he was like the man in the twenty-five-round fight who was knocked out in the twenty-fourth. He could

Collier's

not get the decision unless he went the whole distance. Pitiable but just. Hayes, the unfaltering, won the race because he had the American athletic spirit, which tempers the hot impulse of action with the saving air of careful preparation and intelligent execution. Hayes and his trainer agreed on the pace that would probably win, and that was the pace he maintained, allowing no goatlike gamboling or grand stand exhibitions along the route to divert him.

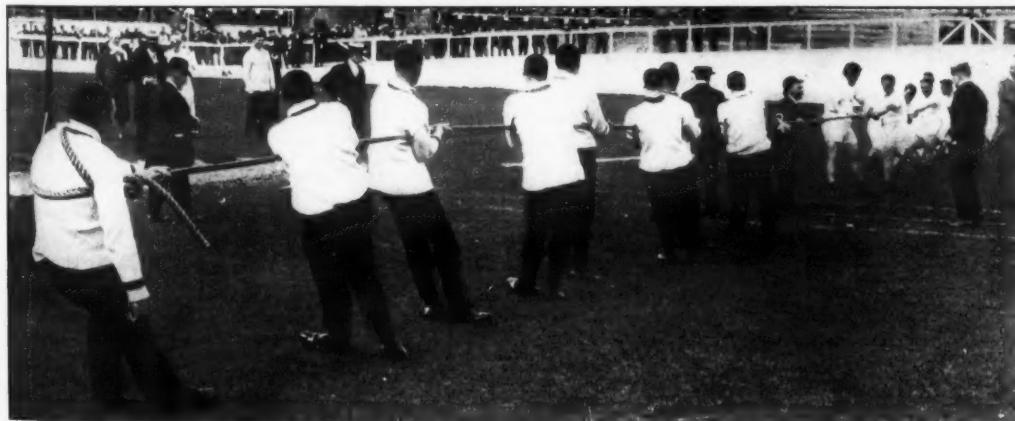
Halswelle Beaten, Not Fouled

AND in that four hundred meters, of which English sporting annals for generations will have so much to say of foul American tactics, Halswelle was, according to inside "dope," a beaten man when he stood on the mark for the final heat. Two days before he had run a fast four hundred meters, and on the very next day, the day before this final, he had run a record heat—a most foolish proceeding for any man, with his severest trial but twenty-four hours away, and the knowledge that the best three quarter-milers of America had been saving themselves for the final; and to race him, to be sure, in the manner least suited to his style. He was a beaten, overrun man when the judges so hastily broke the tape. It was the pace which killed him—not any supposititious or real interference from Carpenter. No quarter-mile was ever run in any country where the pace for the first three hundred yards was so fast. Halswelle had been running races heretofore to suit himself. Here his opponents offered no choice. He had to run to suit them, and he was not equal to that.

But America was not altogether isolated in victory. There was a band of swimmers, headed by an eighteen-year-old lad, Taylor, from England, and one from Australia, named Beaupaire, and a subaqueous Hungarian, Hallmay, who reveled at any kind of swimming game. And there was a policeman from Sweden, Lemming—and by the same token the policemen did heroic work at the meet. Sheridan, Sheppard, Flanagan, and McGrath are all New York policemen, and Larned, the champion walker, is an English policeman who patrols the beach at Brighton; and there was an English policeman tug-of-war team, they of the protested shoes, but a husky lot nevertheless, likely-looking enough to haul over a brick house; and to see them marching around the track with their chests out after they had hauled everything in sight across the line—it suggested a work-horse parade day. But this Swede who won the javelin-throwing—there was a very picture of a man, tall, lithe, sun-tanned, and poetic vigor in his every move; and to think of him back in Stockholm, sedately patrolling the sidewalks, trying door-knobs, and tapping lamp-posts—it is to sigh for wasted manhood. His country should pension him, and he would earn it



"Never mind," says Martin, and went in and won, and incidentally broke the record by about ten feet



There was an English tug-of-war team, they of the protested shoes, likely looking enough to haul over a brick house

if he did no more than to pose for sculptors, say, so that future light-haired generations might have a model whereby to mold the race.

And in regard to these Continental athletes—these successive Olympiads tend to prove that no northern race holds a monopoly of excellence. No one could think it who had seen the Greek, Loues, win the Marathon race in 1896, or the Italian oarsmen sweeping all before them at Athens two years ago, or at the same meet the surprising display of Italian gymnasts when one remembers that their gymnastic traditions are so brief. A fact noted at this last Olympiad was the failure of the Saxon to live up to his reputation. Outside of the events practised extensively only in England, he did poorly. Is the Saxon degenerating or is the Latin in a renaissance? To be sure, the supreme northern athlete, so often credited to the Anglo-Saxon race, so-called, has nearly always a strong strain of Irish blood—jumpers, runners, weight-thrown, fighters, oarsmen, football and baseball players—naturally the quicker thinking, quicker acting, more emotional Celt should excel his more sluggish Saxon or Teuton rival, but is the Irish athlete, though still competing for the colonies, quitting England for good? However, if temperament means so much, what of these Latins, or even the Slavs, when to their conceded emotional force they add the spiritual strength which will enable them to hold the tremendous inner forces in restraint? And that they have it in them—no fear. It was noticeable at this meet. Take it in the high jump, where it was a bounding boy from the hills of Hungary and a leaping lad from France who pushed Porter, the American, to his best. Imagine this pair without the

kitchen of a countryman, a waiter from a London hotel, smoking cigarettes. "I will win to-morrow—or die!" said Dorando—and no fault of his he did not die. He took chances enough. How about these people who produce almost the supreme athlete after such short notice? The spirit is there. Implant in those peoples the ambition, and, no fear, there will soon be a new complexion put on international athletic competition.

This meet was remarkable also for the part women were allowed to take in it. Was it a subtle influence of the larger world that here were women taking part in the Olympic games? Not in archery alone. A graceful sport archery, and well worth any young (or old) woman's time, but a woman might be a champion archer and still possess no more athletic vigor than a swaying reed. But these fine, well-figured, and not unfeminine creatures who really gave an exhibition of vigorous gymnastics! And the two young water nymphs, one in flaming red apparel, even as a man, who dived from the topmost platform in various difficult flights—like unto a scarlet meteor she cleaved the air! We men could hardly have believed it. And they hailed from all countries—from Sweden and Denmark. In our country women,

comfortably ensconced in wadded armchairs, do prate of women's rights, drinking countless cups of stimulating tea the meanwhile, and in England the suffragettes do march ten thousand strong through the encasing mud of London's parks; but from what most of us rate the unprogressive countries came the women who

really proved something. Cast them all adrift, cut the communication with civilization, and we don't know what would happen to the suffragettes; but these Scandinavian maidens, leaping and dancing in grace and vigor on the green sward of the Stadium, these we believe would wrest some sort of living from the wilds. A significant occasion, this Fourth Olympiad for the women also.

As an exhibition in athletics it was a magnificent success, this fourth modern Olympiad; but as an adjunct to the peace conference a joke for the very cabbies to discuss broadly from their perches. The trouble lay partly with the officials who tried to run things on the field. In England, amateur (apart from university) athletics, even as in America, are governed largely by men who follow it not for the sake



Hayes won the race because he had the American athletic spirit, which tempers the hot impulse of action with the saving air of careful preparation and intelligent execution

greatest potential long-distance runner of all. He, too, had the spirit. A poor man, this Italian, knocking around London, depending on friends almost as poor for his food. The night before the race he sat in the

of the game, but for what there is in it for themselves. We see them at meets here in America, the little men who do not half the time know the rules, but who are always out in the middle of the field holding up the resplendent badges. From this class in England many of the judges at this last Olympiad meet were selected. It was they who forgot that they were there to judge impartially, and not to take a partisan part in the proceedings. It was they who seemed to anticipate crookedness in every move of ours, and so possibly did justify themselves in giving us the worst of it, and we, having no representatives on the field, had to take what was handed out to us. It is a bad plan which allows no country but that wherein the meet is held to be represented on the board of officials.

A Permanent Contest

BUT despite the disagreements, these Olympic games will continue. They fill a need. We want international competition—it is good for all of us. No matter if a lot of sore-heads say: "Better have no games at all than these bickerings." That may suit the dead ones, but hardly us. We are not all in yet—we are just coming to our own, and these international competitions are helping us bridge the rapids of our youthful emotions.

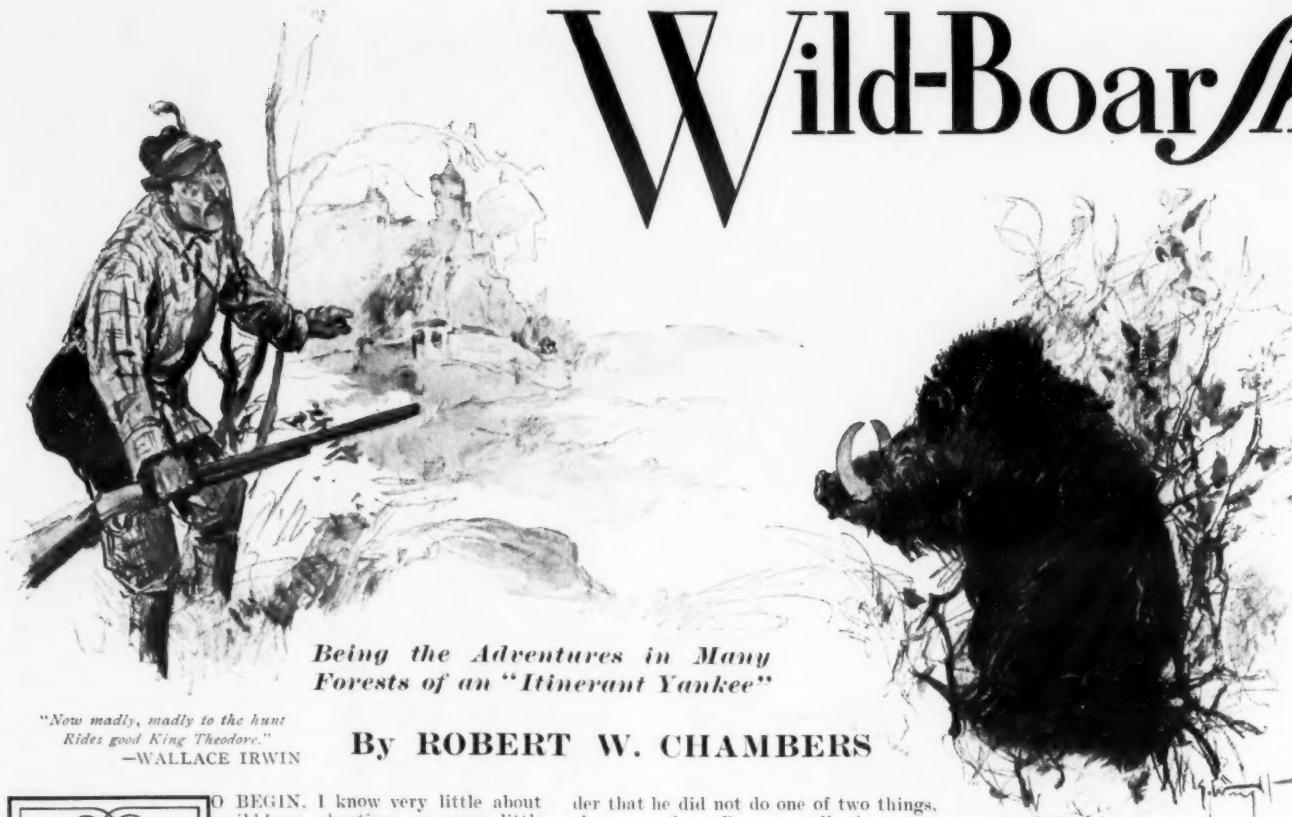
Some thoughtful men, men of large intellects some of them, deprecate the space which athletics take up in the present-day life of the American boy; which is all very well, but they suggest nothing which will take the place of it in a young man's life. The boy of emotional temperament, in whose veins the warm blood is running riot, must have action, or blow up. Athletic practise for him is a pretty good invention. It is these warm-blooded, lovable, emotional boys who possess the creative force, and it is the new, the creative ideas which keep the world from falling back into space.



This Swede who won the javelin-throwing—there was a very picture of a man, tall, lithe, sun-tanned, and poetic vigor in his every move



Stout-hearted Melvin Sheppard, the greatest middle-distance runner of athletic history

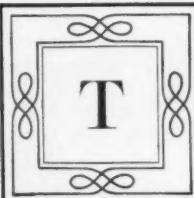


*Being the Adventures in Many
Forests of an "Itinerant Yankee"*

"Now madly, madly to the hunt
Rides good King Theodore."

—WALLACE IRWIN

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS



O BEGIN, I know very little about wild-boar shooting—so very little that I am perfectly qualified to write about it.

The difficulty in writing about boar shooting does not lie in my limited experience with that pastime; what really worries me is the manner of telling what I don't know.

There are two popular attitudes which a man may assume when relating adventures with ferocious beasts; I might entitle my story, "Pigs That I Have Known"; that would be one way; or I might begin by telling you the scientific name of the boar, instruct you concerning its origin; ask COLLIER'S to fill in with illustrations of fossils and tables giving the exact measurements of the tusks, tails, and chin whiskers of one hundred boars presumably massacred by myself during a life devoted to porcine slaughter.

I used to think, when I read how Mr. Madison Grant devoted years and years to measuring the brow-antlers of caribou, that Mr. Grant must be an extremely serious-minded young man to go through life with a tape-measure in one hand and a bundle of photographic views of Bronx Park in the other. He looked it and he wrote like it; and it struck me forcibly that a frivolous man like myself ought never, never to write about any sort of wild game, big, medium-sized, or little.

And one day—I do not remember exactly how it occurred—but Mr. Grant began to tell the funniest story about Alaska that I had ever heard. There was absolutely nothing in it that could be measured by a tape-measure—nothing about brow-antlers, no species-splitting, nothing Setonian, nothing, nothing even hinting at the Theodorian Holocausts where mountain lions fairly rained from the trees, and the dull galloping of stampeding bears drowned the roar of the printing presses of "Scribner's Magazine."

It was a funny story—about Kadiak bears and a corner in eggs and other ingredients.

Why, thought I, can I not tell a tale of hunting, too?—as blithesome as this if not as witty. To write about big-game shooting one need neither convict one's self like Mr. Selous, nor hunt with a tape-measure and a pair of scales, nor gallop over miles of bison bones in laudable effort to add to the list of the extinct mammals of North America.

So now, when asked to write something about my terrible combats with the wild boar (*Sus scrofa*), I say to myself, why not? No sportsman ever slew fewer than I—no man knows less about the boar! Why not? Certainly there is every reason why I should write about him.

The first wild boar I ever beheld was a sow—to be Irish—and she was in the bed of a brook, rooting about, surrounded by several little striped pigs.

I was attempting to catch trout at the time, and, being in a hurry, started forward, expecting to see the sow flee. She did not; I did.

The next wild pig whose acquaintance I made was in a forest in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg.

Peacefully traversing a woodland path, trout-rod in hand, whistling an innocent ditty, agreeably aware of the beauty of the forest, I suddenly heard a sound in the brush, close beside me, as though a recumbent horse were getting hastily to his four feet, emitting, as he rose, a harsh and unpleasant sound—something between a small-caliber roar and a starled wo-of!

And found myself confronting a big, blackish gray, high-decked animal, very furry, long-snouted, which, at the moment, bore more resemblance to a hump-backed bear than a pig.

A high ridge of stiff hair stood up from his occiput to his shoulders; the small, angry eyes grew redder and redder; he made a rattling sound like castanet accompaniment to his tusks; and it suddenly entered my mind that he meant to charge.

In the light of later acquaintance with his kind, I won-

der that he did not do one of two things, charge or flee. Boars usually do one or the other—almost invariably the latter, if they think they can get safely away. Only a cornered wounded boar charges—or one who is cornered or surprised and who thinks he can not escape.

The innocent whistle died on my lips as I took in the full and formidable proportions of the beast; I did not admire the ruddy light in his eyes, nor did I care for the castanet accompaniment.

Slowly, gingerly, I retreated, face to the foe; he stood stock still, planted there in the forest path, the red-eyed, shaggy lord of the woodland, marking his frontier unmissably.

Why he did not charge I can not explain; as long as he did not run away, to charge seemed the only logical thing for a full-grown boar to do. But he didn't.

A boar is as quick and nimble as a cattamount; what he does he does like lightning—even when he stands still. I suppose lightning can stand still. A boar easily outruns a man. When a full-grown boar charges, he charges home, headlong—and continues straight on, whether he hits or misses. There is no return, no wheeling and coming back to have another try at you or to finish you.

I have heard there are exceptions to this rule—proving the rule, of course. In fact, once I saw a small boar charge a man who was hanging above ground by his hands, yelling and kicking lustily—charge, rear, and tusk at the agitated legs, wheel and charge a second time, wheel a third time and charge.

But it occurred under peculiar conditions, and I do not believe it happens often.

MY THIRD encounter with a boar took place in a Belgian forest. A man is very foolish to tell about the shots he misses. It was too bad; the setting was so picturesque—medieval scenery, tremendous background of forest, boar-hounds, human accessories, in hunting-green, supers, auxiliaries, trimmings, and lashings that would have driven Maurice Hewlett mad—particularly if, in the foreground, he had beheld one itinerant Yankee, awful, unmistakable, smoking a cigarette, and cradling on his khaki knees a Winchester.

No, that would have killed Maurice Hewlett. It almost killed the Yankee when he missed the first and the finest boar he ever fired at—a long running shot through a magnificent tree vista in the late sunset light, which lay in ruddy glowing patches on the ancient tree-trunks of the Ardennes.

Later one of my companions bounced a vigorous young boar out of a turnip field where it edged a woodland. Several people fired, and, I may modestly add, somebody got him. I'd say more only I'm afraid somebody who was with me that day might read this. In this age of wide classical reading one can not be too careful about making accurate statements. The dissemination of knowledge has its drawbacks.

I LOOK at the title of this article—"Wild-Boar Shooting"—and wonder why. Then I remember that nobody has a better reason for writing such an article. It is not what one has done that one brags about; it is what one would like to have done.

Still, I notice that Mr. Caspar Whitney, who made a casual double on jaguars in Venezuela, does not entitle an article: "Tigers I Have Shot." Yet to my personal knowledge he has been tiger hunting.

Lesser fry rush into print with "Woodchucks I Have Trapped"—but neither Mr. Whitney nor I use the personal pronoun except under circumstances of strictest and most painful accuracy. Therefore this article is headed: "Wild-Boar Shooting." That is within the facts; I have shot at wild boar.

THE intelligent reader now begins to suspect that as the cunning cuttlefish conceals his maneuvers under an inky cloud, I am hiding real exploits under modest verbosity;

and the intelligent reader is correct. I have laid low the Terror of the Ardennes, but not in the farseome depths of that classic and bosky forest fastness. I am leading up to a scene of terrific personal encounter—now the reader will think I'm joking; but this time the I. R. is wrong.

TO RESUME—as we once did with specie payment:

The so-called razor-back of the Southern wilderness often resembles his European cousin in hairy, fury, tusky shagginess. I have seen big razor-backs in the Dead Lake country that seemed to me as big and fury and fierce as a regulation Black Forest tusker.

Often, when quail shooting, degenerate hogs of this sort annoy the dogs, often charge them, and sometimes put on a very impudent front toward the hunters.

Razor-back bacon is excellent in camp. Even the alligators seem to like it.

I once saw a young razor-back who had been messing about in the saw-grass seized by an alligator. The pig made a hard fight, but the alligator dragged him under.

There's no escaping from the unfortunate title of this article. I've got either to make good or stop. And we are a garrulous lot, we writers of rollicking scientific facts, so as far as I can see the only thing left is to go on.

IT WAS twenty below zero and late in the afternoon. My hunting comrade and I lay flat in the snow, not daring to stir enough to keep warm. The forest was very, very cold; my limbs, after three hours' lying there, seemed to be quite useless; the woolen shooting hood could not save cheeks and nose.

We were watching a hemlock-tufted slope across a hollow clearing where the snow lay white, crossed and recrossed in every direction by the tracks of deer and boar.

It was almost dusk when, without any dramatic warning, a dozen wild pigs came trotting jerkily out of the dense hemlock thicket and fell to tunneling under the snow with their horn-hard black noses, rooting, nuzzling, squealing, grunting, quarreling, tussling at one another in the general rush for some tender tidbit unearthed.

It was, at that distance, and in the uncertain light of the forest, rather difficult to tell a boar from a sow, as the sows, after rooting in the snow, were decorated on either jowl with pointed white patches which looked like tusks at a distance in that uncertain light.

As they came nearer, by degrees, we could make out two pretty good boars in the bunch—active, quarrelsome, greedy fellows, driving off younger pigs, tussling their brutal way into every mêlée whenever the herd made a common rush for some suspected delicacy.

My comrade said: "Take the boar to your left; I'll take the one to my right. Jump when I count three."

I misunderstood and jumped too quickly, firing at a boar not thirty yards to my left. He went down as though struck by lightning, and I was inexperienced enough to turn toward the other boar, which was coming full tilt in our direction. It was foolish; a boar never is dead until you tell how you killed him a year later. And this fellow I shot at was only creased, and none the worse for it. He calmly arose while I was inspecting his incoming comrade, and effaced himself—an astonished, shocked, but really uninjured pig.

"Is that pig charging us?" I asked; and, it being my shot again, was in the act of firing when his pigship, in mid-career, struck a hollow full of soft snow, turned head over heels, floundered out, and, apparently losing his direction, rushed diagonally across my comrade's arc of fire.

He had only a fraction of a second to shoot—and the boar went down in a cloud of snow, and never even quivered afterward.

It was a difficult shot in the dusk, and a pretty one clean through the medulla. And a horrible job to draw the game under twenty below zero conditions.

The boar was in perfect condition. There is no wild game as delicious—nothing to compare with a mast-fed two-year boar.

I SEE it is no use: I've got to make good or run risk of a suit for international trifling. So now for the dreadful details of single combat.

AGAIN the scene is like one of Mr. Belasco's wintry wile-dances, fairly howling with general wildness and artistically painted desolation.

A solitary Yankee might not have been seen—for he was hidden carefully in the deep snow behind a windfall—squinting anxiously along a snowy vista edged by dark tangles of pine and hemlock.

We had been a party of three plus three foresters. As I left the others on the steps of one of the keeper's lodges—let them go down into immortality as Captain Beauvais and Major de Wagge—the Major mortified me by laying down rules for my conduct in a loud, bantering voice.

If, he publicly explained, you are charged by an enraged boar—

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Third—I
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OLLER'S

First—Throw away your rifle. You can run faster without it.

Second—Kick off your snowshoes. It is hard to climb a tree when wearing snowshoes.

Third—Run.

Fourth—Call for help while running.

Fifth—Continue to run.

Sixth—Continue to shout.

Seventh—Embrace the first complacently inclined tree you meet.

Eighth—Shim up.

Ninth—Continue yelling.

Tenth—Continue to shin.

Thus the Major, who, not long before, had been charged by a husky boar he had wounded, and which he was trying, naively, to run down in an alder swamp. Fancy a man deliberately trying to run down a maddened boar!

Unpleasantly red with embarrassment, I tried to remember some epigram to hurl at them, but was finally reduced to several snowballs. After a volley of these, I shouldered a .45-70, known as "The Admiral," which, targeted that morning, betrayed all the accuracy of a distracted fire-cracker.

To shoot "The Admiral" with precision it was advisable to do four things—first, a short sum in arithmetic; second, a complicated geometrical proposition; third, close both eyes; fourth, pray.

THIS temperature had risen to only twenty-two below zero in the sun; but there was practically no sunlight in the dense, somber woods—here and there a fleck or two lay golden pink on the snow.

At first the stillness had been oppressive; then, one by one, the shy midwinter wild things came back—black-cheeked chickadees, dropping from twig to twig in friendly inquiry, so close that the wind from their stiff silken wings brushed my ears; brilliant bluejays, insolently suspicious, hopping among naked branches, and finally alighting in the snow where countless tracks of deer and boar, crossing and recrossing, had stamped it bare above the dark forest mast. A sleek, low-running brown thing crossed my range of vision, halted, crested head lifted—a ruffed grouse. Then a frozen branch cracked; I turned, warily; seven deer came through, daintily picking their way across the crust.

For half an hour they remained within sight, sometimes within a rod or two of where I lay. The slightest wind-taint would have set the bucks stamping and whistling, and probably warned any boar within sight or hearing distance; but there was no wind in the forest, no sound save when a light mass of snow slid from its sun-warmed cradle in some fir tree and fell with the soft noise of shifting ashes in a grate.

At length, to my great relief, all the deer except one young buck disappeared. This independent and youthful blade strolled coolly about in the balsam fringe, lippling the frozen dainties that attracted him.

I remember I was watching him, amused and somewhat apprehensive at the same time, when, through the thicket, dimly seen, a shadow passed, then another, then several.

I silently put "The Admiral" into commission.

Ten long, long minutes passed; not a sound, not a movement. The young buck, however, stood motionless all the time, head high, listening.

Suddenly, a burly black boar trotted out into the open forest, stopped, furry ears wide, snout in air, then without any further hesitation, charged the buck with a vicious squeal of rage.

The deer, galvanized, bounded away; the boar tusked at him, missed, chased him for a few yards, then wheeled and came down the slope at a jerky trot, emitting hollow sounds of bad-tempered satisfaction.

To be honest—because ironical friends may read this—the boar was *not* the largest I had ever seen. The tusks might have been longer; the brute might have had more bulk. And that is all I will concede.

Realizing this, I waited for those other shadows which I had perceived dimly flitting through the thicket.

They came, after a while—a gigantic sow, fiercely solicitous concerning her quarter-grown progeny, five of which careered around her, bucking, squealing, rooting, scrambling, shrieking with fear when the selfish boar turned savagely upon them and drove them from some collection of frozen food.

From time to time other members of that herd trotted out—one or two sows, several yearling and two-year boars. But the boar which had first appeared was the biggest; and I hesitated to hesitate. Rather neatly put: yes?

That foolish buck forced matters. Devoured by youthful curiosity, unseen by me, he had made a detour, circling the quarreling pigs; and before I knew it he had advanced silently to within a few feet of me where I lay in the snow hugging "The Admiral."

His snorting whistle and a flurry of snow startled me as well as the pigs. The forest was cleared as though by magic; over the ivory-sighted bows of "The Admiral" I caught a streak of boar going at a dead gallop; and fired.

I did not hear the bullet strike; his tail ought to have sunk, but it still remained crooked and carried high, like the caudal appendage of an infuriated cow.

There had been no chance for a second shot; it was up and after him for mine, running hard down the trail he had plowed shoulder-deep through the snow.

Half a dozen rods and the first sign that he had been hit! A dozen more, passing other traces, confirming the first—and I pulled up short.

Crouching low and close in the juniper thicket ahead squatted the furry quarry; and it took some self-control not to snap-shoot, and required cautious investigation to realize that he was stone dead, so lifelike his attitude as he crouched there as though gathering his powerful muscles for a jump.

THHEY were very decent about it at the house that night—the Major and the Captain. They admitted, however, that they had seen longer tusks and larger boars. I said I was interested, and regretted they had not brought in samples to show me how large pigs grew in that forest. Which irked them sore.

So we all had some of those things—I've forgotten what they are called. But it does not require much time to construct them—H₂O + what must be labeled if blended under the Pure Food Law—thanks-to-COLLIER's-valiant-fight-for-purity.

Now that I have, in a measure, justified my title—the pig having been slain—let me add, while being in a truthful state of mind, that, personally, I never saw any danger in boar hunting.

Boars will run if you let them. I never saw any animal or reptile that wouldn't escape if permitted, except the domestic bull and the semitropical moocassin snake.

Boars are extremely timid, hard to stalk, hard to get at. They are nervous, suspicious beasts, rather near-sighted, rather dull of hearing. It is their long, black, horny-tipped noses that warn them of danger, not the wide, furry ears, not the little sly eyes.

If they wind you they clear out, disappear like a flash. And they have keen noses.

He had a cold and noticed nothing.

For five minutes I continued to foretell the jumping of that fragrant unseen boar, and the forester continued, politely skeptical; and then—from a low ridge close in front a whirlwind of snow drifted, and a big black boar went off, plunging belly-deep through the drifts—one of those straightaway shots which set one's pulses bounding and restrain decent men from imitating the insular game-hogs who write books in memoriam of slaughtered moose and caribou.

Boars are not nearly as savage as those who write about them make out. Self-convicted, I must admit this.

They are, in their domestic life, quarrelsome, cruel, hogish beasts, with no traits to enlist the sympathy of those who hunt them except their undeniable courage when cornered.

They are fierce only in driving other beasts or their own kind from good feeding; the sows of course, become ferociously solicitous about their little striped youngsters, and will often rush a big boar if he behaves too brutally toward the brood. The tusks of the sows are not externally visible; those of the two-year boar are, increasing in length and curve with age. Age also grays and silvers the hairy, massive beast, and adds to his bad temper and craftiness.

A long shot through a misty veil of falling snow slew one of the finest gray boars I ever saw. The deed was done by a boy of seventeen, now at Princeton; the boar's enormous and magnificently tusked head hangs over the sideboard in a New York dining-room. One shot did it; the splendid beast stood perfectly still for almost a minute, then swayed and slowly fell stone dead.

But boars are not easy to kill; they are full of amazing vitality; and it is a rash and inexperienced hunter who knocks over a boar and does not approach the presumed corpse with caution, rifle reloaded, and hunting-knife unsheathed. For resurrections of recumbent boars are not uncommon; and merry are the doings if a man be unprepared.

Boars seem to breed indiscriminately and at all seasons. One often sees, in a herd, pigs of all ages, from the tiny, striped piglets to the massive, gray male—even in midwinter and far below zero.

I remember once when my hunting companion met me in the forest on a bitter evening, holding in his arms a poor little striped pig not over eighteen inches long.

The tiny creature, left behind in a herd stampede, would have frozen to death on the crust had not my companion chased it, run it down on snowshoes, imprisoned it in a gunny-sack, and lugged it to the sleigh.

The Samaritan act nearly cost him both hands frozen solid.

Boars, as I have ventured to say, are not as formidable as those who shoot them like to believe.

Bears kill them sometimes; I have no doubt a panther could account for a two-year boar if pressed with hunger. Lynx tracks often parallel boar spoor, but I never heard that a lynx would tackle a boar. Those stubby-tailed cats no doubt account for small pigs now and then, but it is difficult to believe they would face even a two-year boar.

Even little boars, yearlings and less, exhibit a most amusing courage when brought to bay.

I remember one winter day going with three companions and the head keeper to a big corral in which were some two dozen very young boars bunched under some balsam trees. They had been trapped in the forest, and were to be shipped in crates to stock some other forest, I don't recollect just where.

Our stunt was to climb the nine-foot fence of the corral, jump down inside, and escape the boar that charged us. And the little fellows came up pluckily to the scratch, whirling around from the stampeding herd to face the enemy, hair on end, tusks clattering noisily; then like lightning came the charge, and four good men and true rushed madly for the corral fence and swarmed up without ceremony. A close shave from those infant tusks was near enough for amusement.

The aspect of a gray boar at close quarters, even when safely crated for shipment, is really terrific. I remember one huge fellow who made such furious demonstrations that I really felt safer backing out of the yard, although I knew perfectly well he could not get out.

I never knew but one man who thoroughly despised a full-grown boar. This was a veteran head superintendent, a fine Scotchman, who simply never could understand fear.

He trapped boars for shipment and restocking other forests with as little concern as a boy would corner and capture guinea-pigs. Once when a big and fierce boar had been cornered, this Scotchman was caught unawares, the boar rushing him, hurling him into the snow, but, by a miracle, the big curved tusks slipped on the leather breeches and did not slash or penetrate. It was the closest kind of a call; but that fine and rugged Scot merely picked himself up, laughing with admiration at the boar.

Hunted boars are, however, practically harmless; that is, there is no element of real danger in hunting them, except when hound and spear are employed or as they are hunted in Morocco—"stuck," according to the delicately picturesque expression of the British who ride after them over the rocks.

As, the schoolboys say, that is all I know about wild boar hunting.



Only a cornered wounded boar charges

In revenge it is not unusual for a man to wind a boar if the wind blows right. The rank, acrid odor is very easy to detect.

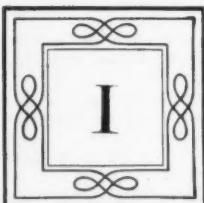
Once, weighted with rifle, wet clothing, and lumberman's boots, I was struggling through a forest with a forester, dragging a dead boar over the crust homeward.

The penetrating perfume of the defunct could not completely smother a newer, stronger aroma blowing down the wind; and I said to the forester:

"If we keep on we are going to jump a boar."



She was the whitest thing he had ever seen



IT WAS at Omoa that Mackinnon came on the ship. If you knew Omoa you might wonder at that. A little handful of huts, off the edge of a jewel-green sea; a score or so of shiny brown natives; a banana plantation; a square stone fort, something over three hundred years old, its sentry towers chipped by the bullets of hosts long dust, and a sky like silk—that was Omoa, if you except the moon, which was at its full when the *José* put in there for banana-loading and picked up Mackinnon. He came on board, about eight something at night, when all the young and susceptible spirits among the passenger list were crowded in the stern, watching a tragic, dead-white shell lift itself above the shadow of the far-off mountains, the blackness of the forest line, the pallid strip of beach, and the luminous dead-green pallor of the sea; and the captain, to whom he had a letter from some inland planter, took him back and turned him over to Lanthorne, with the bare mention of his name and an appealing look. The captain was a busy man, and his French-English did not meet all exigencies.

Lanthorne, being occupied with the scenery and a ruddy little Western girl on her first sea-trip, followed suit, and turned Mackinnon over this time to his sister, at which point, as a matter of fact, this story begins.

The sister made room beside her at the rail, and lifted a face of surprising whiteness, set with two lambent eyes beneath a heavy sweep of fair hair—overheavy hair it was for that little head, that little tired, vivid face—and Mackinnon saw, with something tightening queerly in his throat, that the eyes were shining with tears. She was the whitest thing he had ever seen—it was as if the flame in her eyes had burned her face to ash—and her voice, when she spoke, had the falling cadence of a child who has cried itself still.

"We are watching the moon," she said simply enough, and leaned closer against a post to let Mackinnon stand beside her. There was the faint fragrance of sandalwood in her movements.

So Mackinnon stood against the rail, his flexible, strong, brown hand not three inches from her little, helpless one, and watched the moon. Flat and white it rose, and large as the face of a man, with the black woods beneath it, the narrow beach, the luminous, still, green sea; and, as it came, it struck stark shadows from the shore, that slipped through the water and became boats, long, narrow dugouts, with darker shadows at bow and stern, that paddled noiselessly. They fled across the moon-track, quiet as dreams, and the shadows took them. It was all silent—silent and breathless and unreal. Mackinnon stood still and felt the silence touch him like a mist.

Out of the white, warm splendor of the night the girl's voice drifted with a kindred note that did not jar the stillness.

"I have the strangest feeling," she said, more to herself, it seemed, than to him, "that I've seen all this before. It's not new to me. I feel as if I belonged in it. I wonder—it's not new—somehow I seem to know it."

Alien

*The Story of a
Battle
Between the True Romance
and
the Color Line*

By
FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

Her words trailed off into a questing whisper, and Mackinnon echoed them, out of a force he scarcely recognized.

"I know it, too," he said simply. "That shadow there, far-off—it's the mountains; they go up wooded and still—not even the cry of beasts beneath the sky—yet I could swear I'd find the way across them if my feet were set there."

"It's the water I'm thinking of most," she murmured. "The long, narrow boats and the moon-track. Just a shell of wood between you and the sea, the silence all around, the sweep of the paddles, the warm, white, silent night—" she stopped, her fingers tightening restlessly upon the rail of the boat. "I've lost what I was," she said with a little laughing, breathless ripple in her low voice; "it's moon-magie. I was never in a dugout; I never saw one before in my life, but I know how it feels—isn't it strange? I think I should want to lie in the bottom and stare up at the sky, and feel the water rushing against the wood, and be just warm and still and alive—"

"I know," said Mackinnon again.

She looked up at him with a sudden vivid earnestness, as if she saw him, for the first time, beside her. "You feel that, too?"

"Not quite that," he answered slowly; "I'd want the feel of the moving boat, the swing of the paddle, the resistance of the water—but I'd want the rest as well; the shadows, and the green sea, and the cupped sky."

"It doesn't seem unreal to you?" she persisted curiously. "I mean, honestly. Why. I feel almost out of myself, lost, stranded somewhere in another time—this seems so real to me, so right, so natural. It isn't so to the others. I heard some one say just now that it was like a stage-setting in a musical comedy—Is it like that to you?"

There was no thought in her or him for the quaintness of her questioning, the lightning nearness of their thought. He answered her out of his own perplexity.

"It is more real to me than the real things of my own life, and, like you, I have never seen just this before."

She sighed unconsciously, thrusting back the heavy, pale hair from her eyes with one frail hand, and leaned her head back against the post, her eyes on the passionate whiteness of the moon. She seemed to forget him utterly; the frothy tide of laughter and low speech swirled about her and drew off, leaving her untouched in her aloofness. Her white face; the pale, lusterless sweep of her hair; the slender, white hands; even the sheer, indefinite whiteness of her gown—all tinged and changed with the warm, strange pallor of the night—set her apart from the women around her.

Mackinnon's soul fell down and worshiped, all the more for that in her eyes was the lure of flame. How long they stood there he did not know. It was some time before she spoke again, and the people about them drifted away, sated with the moonlight, to pace the deck in laughing groups, and presently to gather cheerfully in a far corner, whence their voices came forth in selections of more or less musical merit.

"If you would find me a chair," she said at last,

masking her past frankness with a lighter look, and Mackinnon found it, grateful for all his six feet of arrogant, brown young manhood that moved easily and powerfully to her service. He found two chairs, and took the second one himself, facing the sea and the shore-line.

But when she spoke she had retreated, somehow, incomprehensibly into a fastness of convention and flippancy where Mackinnon could not follow her.

"I ought to be locked up once a month when the moon comes round," she said lightly. "It makes me talk nonsense—doesn't it you?"

Mackinnon felt hurt without knowing why.

"I meant it all," he said simply. "It's what I've always felt."

"But I'm not even sure that I know your name," she protested irrelevantly. "My brother introduced you, I know—"

"Mackinnon," he said when she hesitated. "Alan Mackinnon. Still you might speak as you felt without knowing my name. I should think."

She paused above the question in his voice, and dismissed it with a shrug. "Not that I should be much more apt to speak as I felt if I did know your name. In fact, why speak as you feel at all?"

He parried gravely, his eyes on her face.

"Why speak at all unless you feel?"

"And the answer to that is, 'Why feel?'" She smiled under lowered lashes, but she saw that the mockery missed his deeper mood, and her next word struck a new note.

"I think I haven't met you before. You must just have come on board."

"Yes, I came out from San Miguel. It's a bit of a town about ninety miles inland."

"Ah," she murmured carelessly, then her face lit with eager interest. "It's not new to you, then why did you say it was?"

"Because it is," he insisted. "San Miguel's inland. I've never been out here on the coast before, and it does give me—besides—" he ended abruptly—"if you were talking nonsense, it doesn't matter what I said, does it?"

"Not very vastly."

She lay back in her chair vaguely rebuffed and disquieted. Mackinnon's thrust had gone home.

"I wasn't talking nonsense," she said at last, impulsively, "but there are a lot of silly conventions that say you must be ashamed of showing what you really are to a man or a woman who doesn't know you well, and I don't know you, you see. I was afraid I might have seemed absurd."

"Absurd!" Mackinnon voiced the word with a new meaning.

"Yes, rather," she said whimsically; "it's a schoolgirl trick to rant about the moon."

"Were you ranting?" he asked suddenly.

The girl laughed out deliciously. Her laugh had the lilt of youth at the morn, and youth was no briefer.

"You're hopeless," she said. "I never met a really frank man before. If you like, then, I was not ranting. I was in deadly earnest, and I am only ashamed of it because it was real. Now, shall we try a less harrowing subject? Are you going back to the States with us; and if you really live down here, won't you tell me something about the country? I'm tremendously interested."

Mackinnon told her, graphically, and at some length. It did not occur to him that he told her, in the running, many things about himself, and that she found them perhaps more interesting than his geographical and narrative outlines. His experience of women had not been wide. Beyond the natives and his grandfather's niece, who was at forty-five both overly stout and short of breath, his life had not included any intimate vision of femininity, so that the white slip of a girl in the chair beside him made instant and vital appeal to a



She saw him once, at night, on the lower deck, a tall, dark figure, slouching in the shadow of a doorway

half-forgotten dream. She smiled faintly at his boyish earnestness when he spoke of his mission in the States—certain business with English lawyers that the old man was too feeble to come North for—and she lifted incredulous eyebrows when he talked of the things that would all be open to him for the first time.

"Surely," she said, "you've been in a theater, really? You're jesting."

"I've never seen one."

"Nor motor cars—nor the big hotels?—why, it's wonderful to think of it. You must have lived in the wilderness."

"Something not unlike it," he agreed. "My grandfather has no one else, and his interests are very large. I've been practically head overseer since I was a youngster."

His quick eye crossed her glance at the well-fitting shoulders of his coat. "If I don't look the part," he said with an amused smile, "it's because I've always had my things sent down from shops in the States."

"But you don't talk like a man of the wilderness."

"I'm not absolutely illiterate," said Mackinnon gently. "I've had tutors, and my grandfather has a really excellent library."

The girl bit her lip in quick vexation.

"I must have seemed inquisitive," she said shortly, "but it rather staggers me, all the things you'll see for the first time—I wish I were—"

"Seeing them for the first time?"

"Oh, yes," she cried wistfully, "I've seen it all so often and so long."

"You can't be very old," said Mackinnon with amazing frankness.

Sylvia Lanthorne started, and her small, vivid face lightened with laughter.

"I'm as old as the world," she affirmed with conviction.

It was at that moment, or thereabout, that Lanthorne and the ruddy little Western girl crossed the deck behind them, and Mackinnon awoke to a realization of the fact that the moon was high, and the night well into its stride. The girl looked after him when he had said good night with a certain listlessness marring her face.

"That the chap the captain brought up?" asked her brother indifferently. "He's got a lot of money, they tell me, and a big plantation inland here. Looks like a pretty decent sort. How is he?"

"I think I shall go down; I'm tired," said Miss Lanthorne slowly. "He seems to be rather amusing."

In the ultimate equation she found him both something less and something more than that. Less for that he knew literally nothing of the things that made up her world, was slow at covering his meanings, and frankly careless of the conventions he had never needed; more for that from that first night of shadow and pallor and moonshine, he dominated her with the instant appeal which yields no explanation and wants none. He talked to her long hours on deck while the ship slipped steadily through the green stretches of the Caribbean, or later between the sapphire ridges of the Gulf. He walked with her morning and evening, swinging along beside her with the lithe, soft, eager stride of some jungle creature, and the other men on board came gradually to accept his allegiance as a thing of course, pleasurable to Sylvia Lanthorne, else she might easily have put an end to it. All their widening knowledge of each other trended the immemorial way.

There were radiant nights in the bow of the ship, when they leaned against the rail, her white sleeve brushing his hand, and watched the porpoises sweeping dim phosphorescent ways beside the keel; the moon rose late, but the stars were flung broadcast with the first purpling of the summer sky, and the sea, stretching wide and dark whatever way they looked, shut them within a narrow, happy world that had no calendar and knew no time. There were long sun-washed mornings when they idled in deck-chairs with the excuse of an unent magazine or no excuse at all; and there was one mellow, golden noon when, to the west of the ship, so near, a stonethrow might have reached it, they passed a palm-crested atoll, alone in the still world of sea and sky, with white surf foaming on its strip of yellow beach, and the blue sea fading green into the shallows of its shores. Under the palms a lone hut stood, left by some fishermen, its thatched roof showing darkly clear, and over the little island, out of a flawless sky, the sun flamed fierce and golden.

"Eternal summer in a summer sea," the girl called it, phrasing lightly for fear of the deeper thought that goes unphrased and silent, but Mackinnon's eyes stilled the words on her lips and held her breathless, her hands turning slowly cold in the sunlight. He looked past her to the hut beneath the palms, to the green shallows and the creaming surf, and the horror of a thing she could not see was stark within his look.

"What is it?" she cried sharply; "what do you see?"

Mackinnon's face set slowly in hard lines. "It's all

right," he said with strange deliberation. "Something I should have seen before." He spoke slowly, and with a certain blind choosing of his words, his eyes on the atoll now slipping behind them.

"Something you should have seen before," echoed Sylvia, trembling as if a cold wind had blown upon her. "You look ghastly—you frighten me—"

"I don't want to frighten you," said Mackinnon contritely tender. He turned almost fiercely and caught her hands, crushing them with an unconscious cruelty. They stood alone in the bow, and the noises of the ship came to them but faintly. "If I could tell you," he muttered; "I'm doing it for you—"

"You can tell me," she insisted, her pale face pitifully small and young beneath the heavy hair; "I want you to tell me—I don't understand."

He only looked at her, but the color swept her face like a flame.

"I'm doing it for you," he said almost savagely. "I want you to remember that." Then he dropped her hands and turned away with a white, drawn look about

moment listening. The faint, reedy sweetness of a single tenor drifted back to her from the bow in the plaintive pathos of a new song; at the chorus it was joined by a chaos of sopranos and barytones. She shrugged slender shoulders beneath her coat, and walked to the stern of the boat, her eyes a dominant fire in the pale, spent face.

Past the deck-house, she hesitated a bare second. Heavy coils of rope lay on the square, low wheel-stand, and the dull, white discs of life-preservers swung dimly overhead, but a tall figure sat quiet between two coils, and the red spark of a cigarette flamed hotly in the dark. Sylvia crossed the space between them and stood, the straggling, yellow light of the deck-lamps behind her, a small, lonely figure, with the misty ends of her long scarf floating whitely about her face.

"I say you come out here," she said, "and I waited till the others had gone up in the bow. I wanted to talk to you."

Mackinnon started to his feet when she spoke. He flung his cigarette overboard, and stood with one hand behind him on a great tarred coil, but he did not speak.

"If you will move this rope a little. I can sit here," said Sylvia. She laid her hand, delicately white and small, upon the rope, and Mackinnon thrust it hastily to one side.

"Sit down," she said, but not imperiously; "I want to talk to you." Her voice, like her small, white face, was very tired.

"I don't think it's best," said Mackinnon huskily.

"I want to" she repeated without resentment, and Mackinnon dropped back into the place beside her.

The moon had not come up, and his face was a white blur in the dark.

"It's best not to," he said again. He sat leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, but the faint, mysterious fragrance of sandalwood that was in her clothes and in her every weary movement tormented his nostrils.

"Please believe me, I know."

"You know—" said Sylvia suddenly. "That's just it. You know. I don't. That's why I want to talk to you."

Her meaning burned through the commonplace tone and phrase, "I think there's something you ought to tell me—isn't there?"

"There is something I ought not to tell you," said Mackinnon. His voice was low and strained almost to breaking, and he stared hard between the rails at the tumbling, swirling foam in the wake of the ship.

Sylvia waited a long moment, then she laid white, trembling fingers on Mackinnon's sleeve, and caught her breath sharply.

"Isn't there something you want to tell me?" she asked, and the last words were almost a whisper.

Mackinnon was silent, but she felt his arm quiver through all its muscles, and slowly her fingers slipped and clung till they found his own. There they lay in a sudden, crushing clasp that drove her rings deep into the flesh and numbed her fingertips.

She waited, but, though his hold tightened almost unbearably upon her hand, he did not speak.

It was as if he forced himself to silence.

"Listen," she said very softly and unsteadily. "then there is something I want you to tell me."

"I can't," said the boy desperately; "don't torture me—I can't. Isn't it hard enough for me without this?" The question was almost a groan. "Besides," he added with grim ignoring of the humor of it, "you know."

"I don't know why you can't," she said wistfully.

Mackinnon looked off over the waste of shadow that was the sea and back to the unresting huddle of foam in the wake of the ship. He lifted the fragile hand he held, and set his lips to it.

"I'm not a white man," he said brutally; "that's why."

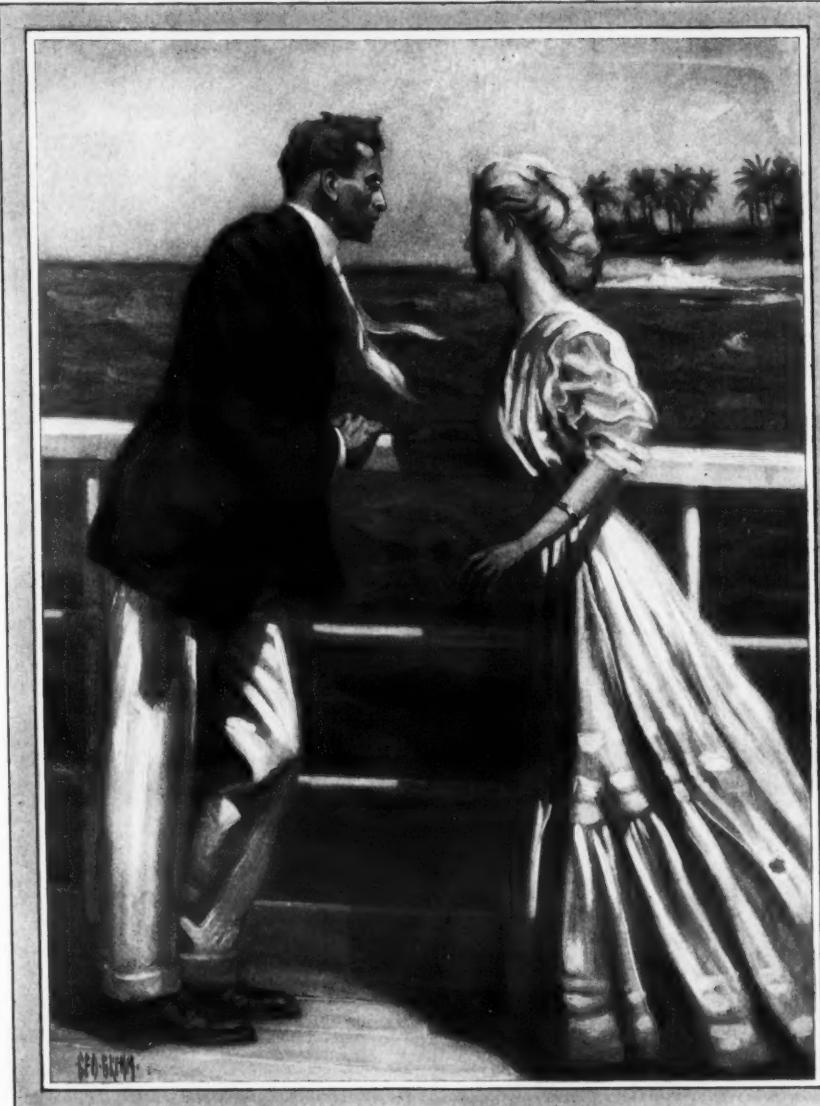
A little, stifled cry broke from Sylvia's lips, an agony of horror in two low words: "You, too!" she cried, and again, more softly still, "You, too!" Then the silence drifted about them like a fog of shadows.

In Mackinnon's ears her cry rang meaningless. He only felt that she suffered, and out of his own bitter hurt he clung the closer to her hand. That warm, soft, living touch was the one real thing in the chill blackness round him. Unreal was the light that struggled faintly toward them from the deck-house, unreal the rope beneath his hand, unreal the stars, burning chill in an immensity of darkness. He heard, as from a great distance, that little, shuddering, wretched cry. "You, too!" it said; "you, too!" and it set itself somehow horribly to the throb of the engines, and said itself over and over within his brain till something snapped the tension, and he leaped at her meaning.

"I, too," he said slowly and intensely; "what do you mean?"

Sylvia did not answer. She drew her free hand once across her eyes, palm outward.

"You can't mean—" he muttered. "Oh, I must be



He looked past her to the hut beneath the palms, to the green shallows and the creaming surf, and the horror of a thing she could not see was stark within his look

his mouth. "It's not fair," he said to himself. "By God, it's not fair!"

Mackinnon was very young; he left her at that, and the little gods that inhabit a man's soul had their way with him as with her, for his scattered phrases left her groping, and he said no word to straighten the tangle. Instead, he kept to his cabin that day and the next, which was all that remained of the voyage, and the gossips on deck maddened Sylvia with facetious dissertations on the probable cause of his absence. She saw him once, at night, on the lower deck, a tall, dark figure slouching in the shadow of a doorway, and the despondent droop of his shoulders cut her sharply, but when she spoke he turned a face that was a mask of suffering and passed her, murmuring some commonplace that her pride refused to answer.

The last day passed, and the last sunset was a thing of fire and blood. The whole sky spread in reaches of scarlet and rose from the core of the west, where the sun went down as into a fiery furnace. Then, swiftly as a flame dies, it faded, and the stars came out in an ashen heaven.

The chattering groups at the boat's rail melted and drifted away, but Sylvia leaned still with her eyes on the dead hearth of the west. They called to her to come up in the bow and sing, that it was the last night on board, but she flung back a laughing answer out of unsmiling lips, and drew the long, dark coat she wore closer about her. The night was capriciously cool, and the ends of the misty, white scarf at her throat floated on a freshening wind.

When the half-lit deck was almost deserted, save for the shawled and gossiping coterie forward, she stood a

mad; it's not possible!" Her silence tortured him. "It's not possible!" he insisted painfully.

"What's not possible?" said Sylvia wearily. "Anything's possible in a world like this. Do you suppose the God of Things As They Are has any sense of humor? I think he must be laughing now. Yes, I meant it. It's true—then we're both of us tarred with the same brush—" She broke off in a little gasp of pain. "You, too!" she breathed. "You, too! and I've been stifled under it all my life—that wasn't enough."

"But you're so white—" he was fighting blindly.

"So white!" said Sylvia.

Her laughter had a note of aching mockery. "So white! Am I? Ask the old gossips around our plantation in Louisiana—see what they'll tell you. Oh, we deny it—we try to live it down, and we put a bold face on it. My father killed a man in a duel for calling him '*café au lait*'—but it's true. It's three generations back, and people only whisper it of us—it's the sort of thing that nobody dares to prove—but it's true. We're an old family that's been tainted—there's a stain on our shield. We're not white, though we pretend to be—we're not black—we're alien."

She stopped, her slender shoulders shaken with an uncontrollable trembling, and her voice unsteady.

"I should have told you," she said pitifully; "sooner or later I should have told you. I shouldn't have let you—you believe me, don't you?"

Mackinnon kissed the little hand reverently.

"I had to know," insisted Sylvia desperately. "I had to know. I've been suffocating all my life under the shadow of my people, and when you seemed to care—I snatched at happiness—I've never had it." There was an aching wistfulness in the tired voice.

"But you—" she said, "you were stronger."

"I couldn't help it," said Mackinnon; "it would have been a sin against you."

"A sin," she mocked, "against me!"

"Don't," said Mackinnon sharply, "for God's sake, don't laugh! I can't bear it—" He set his teeth, and presently his voice came low and steady.

"My father married a native," he said quietly. "He's dead now—so is she—she died when I was born. My grandfather is a Scottish gentleman, his ancestors fought under Bruce, but my father married a native—a half-breed—a woman with negro blood in her veins, so that I am not a white man!" He choked over the words, but he had himself well in hand. "I'd never been taught that I was an outcast. It's a common thing in the country I come from. I'd never given it much thought one way or the other. Why, the Governor's son at San Miguel has a native grandmother. I've been thinking of myself all along, as a Mackinnon—a Scottish gentleman—" the phrase came back with a certain tragedy in his low, controlled tones. "I've been taught as one—I've had books, pictures, music. My grandfather kept the things of his old life out in the wilderness, as you called it. It never occurred to me that I was not as any other man until—"

"Some one told you!" she cried almost fiercely.

"You told me," said Mackinnon gently. "You were so white and small. It came like a flash one day—"

"You were thinking of that when we passed the atoll," she said with a sudden vivid understanding.

"I was thinking of you," he told her, "of you and the sea, and the palms, and the beach, and—the little house—" his voice shook, "then I looked at you standing there, so white and small—you're the whitest thing on earth!"

"If you say that word again," she begged dully, "I think I shall go mad. Was that when you first realized it?"

"I went away from you then," he answered simply.

"And I—" said Sylvia. "I knew what I was from the first. Have you forgotten that night at Omoa?"

"Forgotten!" the word was wrenching from him.

"I know"—her tenderness leaped free—"you remember—I know!—well, I said it was not new to me. I said I had the feeling of coming back to it—almost like a dream one has had and half-forgotten." She drew herself away from his hand, and he followed her until she leaned against the rail-post, her pale hair whipped

across her eyes by the night wind, and her small, pale face uplifted to the dark.

"I knew while we stood there why it drew me so," she said hopelessly. "It's in my blood—as it's in yours. It's not my fault—not your fault—we've done nothing—we may never do anything that calls for a punishment like this, but, just the same, white as you are, white as I am, we're alien." Her lips trembled on the word.

"You say we're alien," said Mackinnon slowly, and his voice held the repressed strength of a gathering purpose; "have you thought that, if we're both alien, we've a right to each other?"

She only looked up at him through the dark, her eyes wide.

"The world doesn't want us," said Mackinnon; "we're outside of its standards—it has no place for us." His superficial calm failed him. He came nearer, and suddenly, in the dark, he crushed her to him so that, beneath her cheek, she felt his heart-beats quicken to suffocation.

"Come back with me!" he whispered huskily. "It's down there, our world—the moon, and the green water, and the beach."

Sylvia lay very still within his arms. She let his mastery sweep her away from the old beliefs. It was Fate that had marred her Scheme of Things; now, if Fate chose to make it— "And the palm trees," she said.

"And the palm trees, and the sea, and the deep sky—and the little house. I can forgive my father," he continued, after a moment, and his low voice rang, but Sylvia hid her face suddenly against his arm, and shivered ever so little.

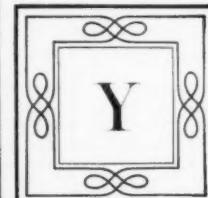
"I wish you had not said that," she murmured; "oh, I wish you had not said that!"

Mackinnon did not hear her. He only held her breathlessly close, and whispered her name like a song.

The uncertain yellow light of the deck lamps fell short of them, and the dark reaches of the sea lay past them, only in the wake of the ship the unresting water swirled and huddled.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 22, 1908
Editor COLLIER WEEKLY who must attend to spin-around of world while others fish,

DEAR SIR:—



EAR of America are divided into 2 sessions: Winter & Summer. Winter are devote to acquiring disease inside; Summer are devote to getting rid of them outside. Winter are dedicate to serious pursuit of money. Summer are devote



"Where was you going so hasty?" is first question for me

to fooly pursuit of rest. Both are good ways to know and increase Hon. Death Rates.

Predatory gentlemans what are rich enough to agree with Hon. Judiciary about Injunctions, etc., can afford some French-speaking automobiles of 60 horse-power and go out for pursue a rest. Man who break Interstate Commerce law a little while can break speed-law the rest of his entire existence. I know because I watch him. Americans go for rest with energy

of human bullets. Japanese Schoolboy stand by side of roadside & shelter self from strokes by raspberry trees. Soonly there is a red whizz passing. It are a automobile of French extraction and Irish disposition. By front seat sets fatty gentleman who is a owner of some trusts, because he look like it. Nearly to him sets Hon. Chaffer clasping teeth for nerves.

"What speedometer is it?" ask Hon. Truster eating some dust.

"60-mile hourly we are going it," say-he with wheels.

"Extreme slowness," derange Hon. Finance.

More pushes by gasoline.

"Of what speedness now?" examine them Trust Magnet.

"75 mile horse-power," say Hon. Chaffer with lung.

"Exaggerate it!" elapse Hon. Boss for mania.

Hon. Chaffer try-to, but Hon. Car make angry rage of cogs & do an explosion by fence where fraxions must be collected patiently. Injury is enjoyed by all passengers who is afar off among clover-field where they flew to.

I am a hospital corps to that very ill Trust & await to interview him with bandages.

"Where was you going so hasty?" is first question for me.

"Not sure," say-he, "but I was rapidly approaching there."

"What was you looking after so whizzy?" negotiate me.

"A rest," he corrode for dying smiles.

"You have found it too suddenly," I commune with epitaph expressions. "Therefore you may rest in fractions."

MR. EDITOR, to remain good healthy it are nice to choose some exercise what you will not be killed by. Motor-car axidents, although a very wealthy sport, are a too violent physical culture for Japanese Boy who would prefer to be alive & slightly sick much rather than to be dead & in splendid muscular condition. Considerable Heroes of antiques has did jiu jitsu to Tyrants and yet been entirely ignorant of Hon. Spalding's Feetball Guide. But them things happened in very former times.

Shortly ago I become nervous about high education of brain. "I must see some scholars doing it." I narrate to myself; so for car-fare I go visit one intelligent Red Colledge what are nearly here. When I approach near to campuss I am aware of excitable sing-song of loud mail voices saying something together.

"So lofty!" I dib. "They are resighting passages of Grecian poetry in chorons so they all will get 100% mark for classick examination!" I make ex-

Letters of a Jap-

XXXIII—Outside Exercises for Health

cited breath & hurry foots to where it happen.

There beholt! was all young youths of this Red Colledge standing together for wave of danger-signal flags & saying following rotation for voice-culture:

"Hurrah! Hurrah!
Play glibly
And do more of!!
O!!!
Such a bully for you!"

(Repeat this several times for imagination.)

And by opposite chairs was setting a Blue Colledge with appropriate shade of wave-flag with which they make wig-wag signals to following rotation for voice-culture:

"Sissy-boom!
What is wrong with us?
By investigation we find
We are considerably all right—
Therefore Hurrah HURRAH!!"

On smooth place between grandstands was 2 teams of red & blue baseballers playing it with batty aerobatics. One young man containing red soy was considerably idealized by Red Colledge because he was a Hon. Pitch and could act deceptively while shooting fastly to Hon. Catch. When Hon. Bat would make swipe-stick knobs at Hon. Ball what go by without injury, then entirely that Red Colledge would scream up, "O Smith, Smith, you are so good to do it!"

When Hon. Blue Runner would attempt to slide on knuckles & that Hon. Red Pitch would observe him with deceptive throw, then such banzais from Hon. Red Colledge what would hoota loud, "Hurrah some more for Hon. Smith who deserve it!"

I stand by-next to one Hon. Professor what was also shouting with gilt spectacles.

"Mr. Sir." I commune. "why this Colledge make such proud whoop-up for that Smith youth, please?"

"Hon. Smith are most smartest man in Colledge," say Hon. Professor with surprise for ignorance.

"Ah!" I collide. "So thankful to see such a leader of thought! By what branches of brain do he most excel in these classick hallways of Mrs. Minerva?"

"He are a hundred yard dasher of 9

seconds, he are a pole-jump of 12 feet, for 2 years he play short-stop on football game and can throw a spitting baseball in circles around all batty athletes."

"He must be a very high educated man," I combust, "I bet your bootware that Hon. Shakespeare could not do nothing like that."

"Hon. Shakespeare was neglected in childhood," say Prof. "So he never go to college to learn how."

"So sorry for that!" I ratify. "Do this Hon. Smith have very muscular mind for study of Grecian poetry?"

"Scarcely if seldom," mitigate Hon. Prof. "Faculty of this Colledge do not believe in making bright mind of youth sad by too much read on subjects of solum & trajick Greek poetries."

"They should read Hon. Aristophanes," I say-so, "for he was considered a very comick Greek poet."

"Maybe-so he were," dib them Prof. "But I have been teacher of classick



Considerable Heroes of antiques has did jiu jitsu to Tyrants



"Dixie II," the International Champion Motor-Boat

On August 21, 22, and 23 "Dixie II," representing the Thousand Islands Yacht Club, won the 30-mile Chippewa Bay motor-boat races for the Gold Challenge Cup offered by the American Power Boat Association, after having successfully defended her title against the English challenger, "Wolseley-Siddeley," at Huntington Bay, L. I., on August 3. Last year "Dixie II" beat the British "Daimler II" at Southampton, winning the international championship cup offered by the Motor-Yacht Club of England

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anese schoolboy

By HASHIMURA TOGO

literature for 35 tiresome years, and never yet have I saw any colledge boys tickling themselves to death with jokes from that Hon. Aristophanes."

I am entirely flabbed. So I go to Carnegie Library of them Colledge to see by quiet look how many of them student was improving inside of skulls by book. And there what see? Three Japanese students setting in bench for lonesome company. One of them was studying "Antique War Map of Battle of Marathon." Other was taking light chew from "Co-tangent Theory about Circular Orbit," and other one was trying to translate works of James Whetstone Riley into Japanese.

I sneak silently out with mollycoddle feelings of instep.

SYDNEY KATSU say-so that game of Golluf are called "sport of kings." Therefore, if any private gentleman wishes to become a king or

something in America he must go to meadows and learn how-play this peculiar knocking game. When Hon. Rockefeller lernt it he became a Oil King & still continues to exercise.

Before Hon. Roosevelt decided to appoint Hon. Taft to be King of America he-say him: "Hon. Bill, what kind of an athlete are you, please?"

"I are a very distinguished trot," narrate Wm. "I have become noted by running from places to places."

"These U. S. won't not stand no more fat heroes," say Hon. Roosevelt. "What possibly good it do you to have newspaper print say 'Hon. Taft spend 24 hours daily at desk?' Small or less. But have war correspondent say 'Hon. Taft spend 24 hours daily tearing teeth out of wild bulls' and you will be called upon by 1,000 photographers & Frederick Remington."

Hon. Taft set silently eating fattening cigars.

"When you are training to be a king," say Hon. Theo. "you must exercise to develop considerable chest."

"I have a developed chest already," suggest Hon. Taft, drawing his belt close around.

"Assuredly you have," say Hon. President. "but you should wear it higher so that it would show to better advantage."

"How to begin to be a National Athlete?" say Hon. Wm.

"I began by breaking horses," say Hon. Theo.

"I can easily break the stoutest horse by setting on him," abrogate Hon. Taft.

"I am disgusted by such a set-pat policy," say ruler of nation. "If you can not take exercise you can at least play Golluf."

So Hon. Roosevelt loaned Hon. Taft a big stick if he promise not to broke it & he find a nice, green link near Light House at Washington where he practise Hon. Golluf Game. On door of Sec. of War it are now a easy snap to find following card:

HON. WM. H. TAFT
Are Absent on Link
to play Golluf Game from 2 to 4 daily
Till after Election.
Moving Picture Man
IS CORDIALLY INVITED TO BE
THERE!



"I have a developed chest already,"
suggest Hon. Taft

Mr. Editor, what are most principally shocky & surprise to me about outside exercises enjoyed by Americans is that they takes them in such a light & frivulus spirit of joshing. Are game of health-bring and deep breathing merely a funny laugh-at thing? Answer is, No!!

IT SADDEN my pulse to see American family by good elderly summertime pack trunk to go shore-side. Why they sing & whistle comic song about "I am timid to return home in darkness"? Why so happy & frolick for as they are gone down to train? Do they not know that they are surjuring away for benefit of kidney, liver & lung, which is hyjean & therefore kind of sacred because it can do a great deal of good to all human races? By border of ocean they go to some light hotel & dip slightly in tidy surf of sea, they lole upon sand in delighted clothing, they puff cigarette, they drink intoxicated ginriksha. By moontime they practise whatever flirting is necessary—no thoughts of their scientifick insides.

Ah, vacation should be a more solum & useful improvement! Japanese athlete would arise more sadder & stern by 6 of clocktime in morning to do 986 dips with backbone for benefit of interior digestion. He would measure self by Bertillon system by each hourly prompt. Then he would feel strong & well, or else he wouldn't. Vacation are nothing to laugh at as if it was a jokes.

BUT Cousin Nogi are got so sinical he make sneer-face at everything, including sacred subjecks & Tariff. Last night we go hear Prof. Matsuki, Japanese hyjean, lecture-talk to Asiatick Y. M. C. A.

"Intellectual gymnasiums together with nurshing food," say Hon. Matsuki, "have increased stature of Japanese nation 6 inches in last 10 years."

Cousin Nogi deliver me one mean pinch by leg-joint.

"I shall give you a hit unless stop!"

I dib for pain.

"Listen to them lecture what he say it!" fatigue Nogi. "He-say each Japaneze by exercises & feed has grew 6

inches in 10 year-time. At them rate

they will all be 5 ft. 10 inches by 1918."

"That are a nice patriotick average

for me," I surround.

"By keeping on with eat & gymnasius they will all be 6 ft. 10 inches in 1938. What, then, would keep all Japanese from being 8 ft. 10 inches lofty in year 1978?"

"Nothing but laziness," I repose for answer.

"The Japanese is aptly determined," decry Nogi, showing satire by nose. "If they use considerable Christian Science about growing up could they not become physical sky-scrapes in time?"

"They might, but could they?" is answer for me.

"And what if they attained such a lofty?" locate Nogi with skepticks look from Missouri, "would they be more smart if? Physical culture do not make persons able to lecture on works



"Mr. Sir," I commune, "why this Colledge make such proud whoop-up?"

of Browning and Chiropodes. Hon. James Jeffries are a very physical cultured man, yet he can only

lick one person at a time. Hon. Napoleon, what was a brief man with a circular stummick, could combatter 10,000 talented Germans by twist of his thumbs."

"Yet Hon. Napoleon were finally a sick failure," I announce for sighs.

"Of surely he were not!" dib that heated Nogi. "If he were a failure how he got his nephew that high job in Roosevelt Cabinet?"

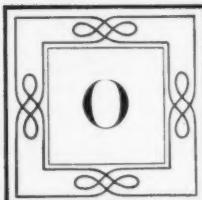
I am confused to answer. Hoping you are the same, I am Yours truly,
HASHIMURA TOGO.

東洋

東洋



If you go camping, you perform thereby a virtuous action which will in some occult manner do you all sorts of good



ON THE physical side, camping is mainly an elimination and a substitution—a doing without some things and the invention of others. This phase has been discussed over and over until its philosophy, at least, is well impressed. No one expects feather beds in the forest, or Delmonico in the desert. The town-dweller quite cheerfully shifts his morning bath until noon; forgets his starched collar; leaves home soft raiment; undertakes to "rough it" according to his conception of that term.

But, strangely enough, the more spiritual side of the case has received scant consideration. The text-books tell a man what of his physical belongings to leave home: they neglect to guide him as to which of his prejudices to abandon. They advise him to change the style of his garments; but say nothing of changing his way of looking at things. They lead him to expect an alteration in the face of nature; they inform him not at all of the alteration he is sure to blunder against in the best and oldest of his friends. They adjure him to examine carefully the contents of his duffle bag; they are darkly silent as to the contents of his own head. He is left to find such things out by bitter experience; just as in the days before the text-books he starved and shivered into a knowledge of how to go about it.

Why Go Camping at All?

"**G**EETING back to natchah" has become more or less of a fetish, like eating Sawdust Fude. If you go camping, you perform thereby a virtuous action which will in some occult manner do you all sorts of good. It does not particularly matter where you go, or how, or for what purpose, or what you do when you get there. To tell the truth, camping may do you a great deal of harm. As for "getting back to natchah," you can acquire the same esthetic jag with half the trouble and discomfort by taking up a critical study of verses of "Excelsis Agonon," and rhapsodizing thereon.

You can legitimately go camping for a variety of reasons. How you camp must depend on why you go. You may be tired out and want to rest; you may desire to go a-fishing; you may like to potter around where the air is fresh; or you may really like camping. Find out how you stand in the matter, and don't mix your methods.

If you are tired out, and need a change, do not undertake a long, hard trip, involving packing, carrying, figuring routes, mountain scaling, and the like. It may do you good, but the chances are you will merely succeed in further depleting your nervous vitality. Exercise is a good thing, but not forced exercise. Many people imagine that all they have to do to regain health is to jump madly into the most strenuous wilderness traveling and as madly out again. This is not so. What you want is a leisurely trip, with lots of guides, and plenty of comfort and company, over well-known trails. A permanent camp, with fish, may be just the thing.

But if you are young and strong and lively, there is nothing worse for you than that same permanent camp. You have plenty of fun for a few days. There are tents to put up, chairs and tables to construct, all the hundred camp gimeracks to invent. Fishing every afternoon is great fun. This lasts about a week. Then everything is done. There remains only the routine camp work. It becomes irksome; fishing palls; the sun is very warm. You get just plain lazy, with that cloying, sleepy, numbing laziness which comes only with camp life. You are just "po' white trash," and you know it, and don't care! This is all very well for the nervously fatigued; in fact, it is just what they need. But in your case it is corrosive. So far from helping your good health, it actually drains you of strength and vitality. You come off that camping trip doped.

Do you know what was the trouble? It was because you went camping. Camping was the aim of your excursion instead of a means to an end. If you are a vigorous man, you should never go camping. You should camp because you want to explore, or fish, or see a country new to you, or help at the round-up. You can do none of these things unless you camp, for the beauti-

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

fully simple reason that modern hotels are very scarce where you want to go. If you incidentally enjoy the outdoor living, as most of us do, so much the better. At any rate, you find interest, and exercise for your initiative and executive, and plenty of activity, and a chance to prove yourself a fair and worthy antagonist of the wilderness.

About the People You Camp With

WE ALL of us have had disagreeable experiences with our camp mates; and we all have been grievously disappointed in the people we have called our friends. Sometimes this disappointment has been only too well justified, for certainly it can not be denied that wilderness life, sooner than any other, shows up "the streak of yellow." And yet a little philosophy of the right sort helps mightily in straightening things out.

Life in the open differs from life in civilization as air differs from water. Most of us are a little amphibious; but only a few perfectly so. Some people are not amphibious at all, but gasp and flop desperately when deprived of their proper element. It is unfair to conclude that the basic constituents of these men's characters are essentially wriggly.

Perhaps a concrete example will better illustrate the point. You contemplate a trip into the woods; and, full of enthusiasm, you ask your old chum, Jack, to go along. You have known Jack all your life. He is stanch, reliable, full of fun, congenial, likes all the things you do; in short, speaks your language fluently. By every known test he is true white, and you love Jack as a brother. He, too, is enthusiastic. The time comes; you start out into the woods. At the end of the week you are discovering all sorts of new things about Jack. He develops a stupidity in regard to obvious matters; he is fussy about discomforts so minor as to be negligible; he proves obstinate in following the dictates of his own experience; he does more fool things in an hour than you could think up in a year; he acquires an abrupt manner, an irritability of disposition; finally, in the test, he commits the unforgivable—lies down on you, quarrels with you over nothing, proves himself cruelly unjust. It can never be the same again between you. At the end of that trip you return home, the friendship spoiled. Probably you commune with yourself or your nearest confidant in this vein:

"Here I've known Jack all these years, and never knew what kind of a fellow he is! I tell you, camping shows a man up in his true colors! I'll never trust that fellow again as long as I live!"

Did camping show him up in his true colors? Are not the hues of his town life equally trustworthy?

The truth is, wilderness life is a strong solvent. It demands new qualities; it makes different men. The dweller of the civilized places is only so much raw material. The wilderness fashions him over for her own uses. In the outcome, to be sure, the man's true nature determines the result. If he is stanch and reliable, and full of fun and congenial, then so he will be at the end. If, on the other hand, he is a coward, no amount of camping will make him other than a craven. A man is a man.

But, exposed to the full tide of new things, buffeted here and there by a thousand cross-currents of novelty, bewildered by the necessity of a multitude of adjustments where adjustment has long, long since hardened to unconscious habit, a man is not himself. I do not refer to merely physical surroundings, though their influence is potent enough, but to the unguessed and thronging subtler influences. They range in extent from mere release of the pressure exerted by habit, to the spiritual solitude of spirit few city dwellers can know. The camper may not, probably does not, recognize this. It takes place silently within the chambers of his soul. But all his spiritual forces are engaged in the readjustment—those forces which have long since arranged their correlations to the man's habitual life, and so have been free for his finer conduct. Naturally he is stupid about unaccustomed matters, and quick to anger,

Camping

An Informal Talk on the Mental and Spiritual Equipment for the Forest Life—The Careless Person and the Fussy Person Equally Undesirable

and inclined to do things on which later he will bestow much wonder and regret.

All this may seem fine-spun. Nevertheless it is most practical. If properly thought over, it may save you from making two fundamental and fatal mistakes.

In the first place, when, for the first time, you select your camping companions, do

not rely too strongly on the fact that you like them at home. A man in civilization may be one thing; in the woods, another. You never can tell. It is a gamble. Go forearmed against disappointment—of both sorts.

In the second place, never come back home carrying a grrouch or a contempt. Do not for one moment imagine that camp performances have "betrayed the true nature" of this one or that one. The true nature of a man is very difficult to determine. The latest scientific thought tells us that one is to some extent abnormal and irresponsible when fatigued beyond a certain point. If your friend is uniformly courteous and courageous and honorable under test in the life he ordinarily leads, conclude that in that his "true nature" manifests itself. His disagreeable actions in camp do not prove that all these years you have not known him, have failed to penetrate to his inner self. They merely indicate a confusion of the finer spiritual balances it has taken a lifetime to adjust. If you allow the experience to interfere with your friendship or belief, then you have failed to do your part.

The Ideas You Take Camping

TWO classes of people go into the woods—those who allow themselves to revert, and those who become martinet in regard to minute and unimportant affairs. Neither condition is desirable; neither is wholly without its uses; each may be given useful preponderance in its proper field.

We all know the untidy camp and the slack caravan. Tin cans are everywhere scattered, dishes are unwashed, sporting paraphernalia in disarray, bedding jumbled, provisions carried anyhow. The start on the trail is at any old hour, in any old fashion. The members of the party have a good time; but it is rather a demoralizing good time.

On the other hand, the martinet is always fussing and stewing over trifles. He insists on everybody being afoot by daylight, whether there is any real necessity for it or not. Routine is rigid. Everything goes by rule and the clock. Every one is thoroughly uncomfortable.

Now, undoubtedly, a complete relaxation is good for some people; the same who should go in comfort for a lazy time in a permanent camp. They should hire guides to keep camp for them, and so loaf and invite their souls. Only if they feel that way about it, let them recognize the situation, and not try to undertake long journeys or hard work. There is no excuse whatever for an untidy camp or haphazard journeying. The wilderness is an uncertain playmate, and one never can tell when she will demand of him the qualities he has allowed to run to seed. His firearms must be clean; his fishing tackle in order; his pack well organized; his mind clear and alert and energetic. Only thus can he keep to that efficiency which is essential to the traveler.

From this point of view the martinet has something of honor and credit. In fact, his principles are all right; he merely applies them senselessly. If you are to get the keenest enjoyment and the fullest physical and moral benefit, you must hold yourself to a certain spiritual standard. In civilization a man keeps his body well dressed, his clothes tidy, his appearance neat and self-respecting. In the woods we are all savages enough to enjoy rough old clothes, a seat on mother earth, unclipped hair and beards, sunburn, and all the other rather sophomoric delights of the unaccustomed. That is well. "Woods dirt is clean dirt." It does us good; and by the outward symbol of breaking from the shackles of mere appearance helps mightily toward bringing us in touch with that spiritual freedom which is the chief gift of the world of out-of-doors. But by the same token you are thereby required to find a substitute dwelling for your physical self-respect. That substitute should be in your efficiency.

If you are traveling, start early, start smartly, start without loose ends. Keep your wits about you; be alive to all things. Foresee accidents big and little, and guard against them. See that you do not get lost. Surmount difficulties intelligently, not in "any old way to get

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there." At night make camp, no matter how tired you may be. See that things are put away, that your guns are oiled. Do not throw things down. After supper, wash your dishes immediately. Do not postpone them even for first pipe. Then when the work is quite finished, you can relax utterly, and a great, a very great satisfaction will steal over you, and a little spiritual uplift of a sort not to be understood will raise you above that dead-numb exhaustion which follows a day throughout which affairs have been allowed to drag at every step. In civilization some men acquire this by a change to a dinner coat; some by a half-hour's handball; some by a romp with the children; some by a brief perusal of a serious book; some by a cup of tea; and some by a run in the motor. You can do none of these accustomed things in the woods. You can substitute for them, and that substitute is your own sufficiency. And here, as there, a neglect in such courtesy to the demands of personality results in a deadened fall of day.

On account of these finer considerations, it follows that you must do your best everywhere to keep the simple machinery ship-shape and in order. It may not seem worth while in a little trip of make-believe through the imitation wilderness at your doors. Believe me, it is. Only by keeping your faculties clean and alert and in order will you be able to get near to the influences of the great world outside. Habitual mooning under a tree will only bring you "close to natchah," which is a very different thing.

+ + +

The Olympic Games

The Lack of a Uniform Scoring System and the Need of Trained Judges and a Convention on Rules

By WALTER CAMP

UR representatives to the Olympic games performed feats of skill and valor quite equal to and in point of records surpassing any that have gone before. Each man not only did as well as he knew how, but in some cases seemed actually to accomplish more than could be even reasonably expected. To shine in such a competition and to win in such company is indeed something of which we may well be proud.

Much as one would like to ignore the other side of the shield, to pass over that which comes to cloud our satisfaction in deeds well done, it has become impossible. Public comment has disclosed a condition of affairs beginning with the very first days of the contests, continuing almost without interruption, and culminating at the time of the four hundred-meter and Marathon races, that has detracted enormously from any satisfaction coming from meritorious performance. That the condition is not peculiar to our country or countrymen nothing can prove more conclusively than the comment in foreign papers, and especially in the English papers themselves.

"Who Won the Olympic Games?"

THE London "Spectator," under the heading "Playing the Game," says: "The Olympic games have left some pleasant memories, but they have also left a few unpleasant ones, and the latter will be apt to last longer. The games were satisfactory to British athletes, who won more events than any other country, though the Americans, to their great credit, won the highest proportion of points in events requiring endurance or peculiar skill in training. . . . It is indeed disappointing to know that in various parts of the world the verdicts of the British judges in the games were impugned as partial, self-interested, unfair—or whatever one chooses to call verdicts which, according to our way of thinking, were set down as dishonest. . . . Suppose that a nation said: 'The object of playing games is to win them and win them at all costs. . . . Games are a miniature war. All is fair in war, and therefore all is fair in games.' . . . Of course we, as a nation, have long ago, in our ideals at all events, implicitly answered that argument and many like it. We class the practises it represents as not 'playing the game.'

All this reads as if there were many things to answer, and the average man would like to know more of the facts and conditions that caused the Dove of Peace to fly far from the Stadium.

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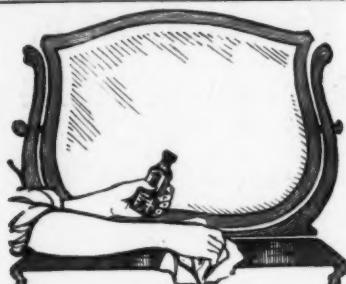
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American is surprised at the first statement that the British athletes won more events than those of any other country. "Who won the Olympic games?" was his original query, satisfactorily answered by his daily paper some time since in favor of his countrymen. What, then, does this statement in the "Spectator" mean? It means that it was impossible for any country to be declared by official authority winner of the Olympic games because no plan had been devised for such a decision. With the immense number of events classed under the head of Olympic it is probable that the country in which the games were held would, under any method of scoring which included all these games and contests, inevitably win out. No country at a distance could afford to send representatives enough to take care of all these events. The committee had announced that no winner would be determined and no method of scoring further than recording the facts of the order in which contestants were placed. The winner, in other words, of each would be formally announced. After that any one was privileged to adopt his own method of scoring. Here in this country we have a method of valuing the places (5 for first, 3 for second, 1 for third), and in the events which we have considered track and field events the athletes of the United States, as compared with those of Great Britain, scored 114 2-3 points to those of the United Kingdom's 66 1-3. Yet at the same time, and taking a similar valuation, but including all events inside the Stadium, the score of all the nations would stand: United Kingdom, 155 1-3; United States, 131 2-3; Sweden, 31; Canada, 23 1-3; Germany, 21; France, 15 1-3; Hungary, 13 1-3; South Africa, 11; Finland, 9; Italy, 8; Norway, 8; Greece, 6; Australia, 5; Belgium, 4; Denmark, 3; Russia, 3; and Austria, 1.

Each nation is entitled to figure it out upon its own basis and take such comfort to itself as it can thus derive.

American Superiority in Track and Field

OUR own satisfaction is based upon very tangible facts, for in such events as are known and understood generally as track and field events the Americans were far and away superior to the athletes of all the other nations. In order to gather an idea of the character of contests in which America entered and competed as against Great Britain especially, the following events may be recorded in which athletes of the United States took more than a majority of points, figured upon the above basis:

16-pound hammer throw, 8 points; 16-pound shot-put, 6 points; discus throw (Greek style), 8 points; discus throw (free style), 9 points; standing broad jump, 6 points; standing high jump, 7 points; running high jump, 5 points; pole vault, 8 2-3 points; 800-meter run, 5 points; 1,500-meter run, 5 points; 400-meter hurdle, 8 points; 110-meter hurdle, 9 points; 1,600-meter relay race, 5 points; Marathon race, 6 points; 100-meter swim, 5 points; bantam-weight wrestling, 5 points; feather-weight wrestling, 5 points; scoring points also in the following: 3-mile team race, steeplechase, fancy diving, 100-meter run, 200-meter run, 200-meter team race swim.

The athletes of the United Kingdom scored a majority of points in the following events:

10-mile walk, 9 points; 3,500-meter walk, 8 points; 3-mile team race, 5 points; 5-mile run, 8 points; 400-meter run, 5 points; 640-meter cycle, 5 points; 20-kilo cycle, 8 points; cycle team race, 5 points; 5,000-meter cycle, 5 points; 100-kilo cycle, 8 points; steeplechase, 8 points; 200-meter swim, 8 points; 200-meter swim team race, 5 points; 1,500-meter swim, 8 points; 400-meter swim, 5 points; hop-step, and jump, 5 points; wrestling, middle-weight, 8 points; wrestling, heavyweight, 5 points; tug of war, 9 points; water polo, 5 points; and scored also in the following: 1,500-meter run, 2,000-meter cycle, 16-pound shot-put, 100-meter back swim, bantam wrestling, running high jump, 400-meter hurdle, wrestling (feather-weight), wrestling (light-weight).

A Training for Judges

THE usual standard events in our country and in England, or especially when the representatives of the two countries have contended against each other, have included the 100 yards, 220 yards, 440 yards, half-mile, mile, two or three mile running races, broad and high jumps, hammer and sometimes shot, rarely the pole vault, and the 120-yard and 220-yard hurdles.

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bit over this, and that we all should be very proud of the representatives who did so well and of the men who trained and managed them. The hustling American says: "It will make the other nations sit up and take notice."

Having thus satisfied his first query aroused by the "Spectator's" remarks, our reader may fairly reflect upon the balance of the clipping.

Is it quite fair to assume that there is any monopoly of the spirit of "playing the game"? True it is in a great measure that "Deserted stand the Halls of Peace" and that the Olympic games, heralded as a cementing factor in the joining of races, have been held, and resulted, not in harmonizing but rather in antagonizing. This is indeed disappointing, but are they right who conclude from this that it was because some played the game and others did not, or that it is a mistake to attempt to revive what belongs to another age? It is true that it may be impossible to continue these Olympic games without a still further unpleasant exhibition of temper. But have they had a fair trial? It should be remembered that one of the features of the ancient games of old which was not reproduced consisted, not alone in the most careful selection of judges, but—of vital importance—a six months' training of these judges for their task. They were chosen, as were the present Olympic judges, for their integrity, but they were also trained especially and through almost as long a period of time as the contestants themselves, in order that justice should be done.

The Greeks of old appreciated the fact that preparation of this nature was far better than later quarreling, and there is in it quite as much a suggestion for our own times as in the games themselves.

Before another of these great revivals takes place the thorough interpretation of the rules governing the games should be entered into by a body representative of all the countries interested. It was the interpretation of rules upon which the differences largely arose, and by this means one and a chief factor of disagreement may be eliminated. Then the conduct of the games should be arranged for in a similar manner. Finally a plan should be devised for neutral judges as well as full representation in matters of interpretation and conduct of games. And as a last safety measure there should be some attempt made to perfect the judges in their duties at least to the extent of test cases for interpretation.

A Convention on Rules

THE question to be decided is a simple one. Is bickering an inevitable and pronounced concomitant of this revival of an ancient contest? If so, then the revival does not tend to cement friendship, but rather the reverse, and the results must be harmful. If the rearranging of matters likely to produce discord, such as interpretation of rules and their subsequent enforcement by impartial, especially trained judges, will result in a satisfactory conduct of these games and a general better understanding, it is not improbable that in spite of temporary chagrin at defeat the games would prove a benefit and should be continued.

There are at least two men whose knowledge and ability are such that they could devise a plan providing for such conduct of the next Olympic games. These men are Mr. James E. Sullivan and Lord Desborough. Were these two persuaded, with the advice of some men like Mr. Caspar Whitney and other sporting writers of England and America, to promulgate a convention thoroughly representative, whose duty it should be to furnish rules and interpretations, as well as arrange for neutral and experienced officials trained and tested, there is more than a probability that the results would thoroughly justify the work.

The ancient games were ushered in by a general amnesty—a cessation of all hostilities in order that contestants and spectators could travel about the country in safety. The next Olympics should be preceded by such a convention and arrangement of rules as should provide against their resulting, not in aiding peace and friendship, but in sowing strife and discord. Then and then only shall we see the real spirit of sport which misunderstanding of rules and conditions always renders difficult. And then Briton and American, as well as all others, will subscribe to Mr. Newbolt's lines:

"To set the cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honor while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes;
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth."

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On a Dismal Day

By

GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

O H. My-Mother-Mine, turn on the sun,
So we can go out to the park to play!
Turn on the sun, for you know the way—
A button somewhere, and we'll have some fun.

You do it at night when I wake and cry:
Snap! goes something, and all is bright,
And then you come, and everything's right—
Oh, where is the button will reach the sky?

My-Mother-Mine, let me cry in your ear
And pretend I am only a baby again;
Then sweep off the snow and mop up the rain
And turn on the sun, Mother, dear—Mother, dear!

* * *

The Other Animals

(Continued from page 11)

breed the particular instinct that would enable Glen, a few thousand years later, capably to cope with automobiles.

Dr. C. J. Romanes tells of a female chimpanzee who was taught to count straws up to five. She held the straws in her hand, exposing the ends to the number requested. If she were asked for three, she held up three. If she were asked for four, she held up four. All this is a mere matter of training. But consider now, Mr. Burroughs, what follows. When she was asked for five straws and she had only four, she doubled one straw, exposing both its ends and thus making up the required number. She did not do this only once, and by accident. She did it whenever more straws were asked for than she possessed. Did she perform a distinctly reasoning act? or was her action the result of blind, mechanical instinct? If Mr. Burroughs can not answer to his own satisfaction, he may call Dr. Romanes a nature-faker and dismiss the incident from his mind.

The Repartee of Mr. Burroughs

THE foregoing is a trick of erroneous human reasoning that works very successfully in the United States these days. It is certainly a trick of Mr. Burroughs, which he is guilty of with distressing frequency. When a poor devil of a writer records what he has seen, and when what he has seen does not jibe with Mr. Burroughs' medieval theory, he calls said writer a nature-faker. When a man like Mr. Hornaday comes along, Mr. Burroughs works a variation of the trick on him. Mr. Hornaday has made a close study of the orang in captivity and of the orang in its native state. Also, he has studied closely many other of the higher animal types. Also, in the tropics, he has studied the lower types of man. Mr. Hornaday is a man of experience and reputation. When he was asked if animals reasoned, out of all his knowledge on the subject he replied that to ask him such a question was equivalent to asking him if fishes swim. Now Mr. Burroughs has not had much experience in studying the lower human types and the higher animal types. Living in a rural district in the State of New York, and studying principally birds in that limited habitat, he has been in contact neither with the higher animal types nor the lower human types. But Mr. Hornaday's reply is such a facer to him and his homocentric theory that he has to do something. And he does it. He retorts: "I suspect that Mr. Hornaday is a better naturalist than he is a comparative psychologist." Exit Mr. Hornaday. Who the devil is Mr. Hornaday anyway? The sage of Slabside has spoken. When Darwin concluded that animals were capable of reasoning in a rudimentary way, Mr. Burroughs laid him out in the same fashion by saying: "But Darwin was also a much greater naturalist than psychologist"—and this despite Darwin's long life of laborious research that was not wholly confined to a rural district such as Mr. Burroughs inhabits in New York. Mr. Burroughs' method of argument is beautiful. It reminds one of the man whose pronunciation was vile, but who said: "Damn the dictionary; ain't I here?"

And now we come to the mental processes of Mr. Burroughs—to the psychology of the ego, if you please. Mr. Burroughs has troubles of his own with the dictionary. He violates language, from the standpoint both of logic and science. Language is a tool, and definitions em-

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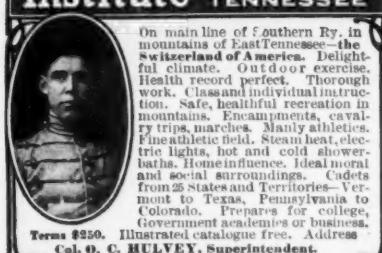
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bodied in language should agree with the facts and history of life. But Mr. Burroughs's definitions do not so agree. This, in turn, is not the fault of his education, but of his ego. To him, despite his well-exploited and patronizing devotion to them, the lower animals are disgustingly low. To him, affinity and kinship with the other animals is a repugnant thing. He will have none of it. He is too glorious a personality not to have between him and the other animals a vast and impassable gulf. The cause of Mr. Burroughs's medieval view of the other animals is to be found, not in his knowledge of those other animals, but in the suggestion of his self-exalted ego. In short, Mr. Burroughs's homocentric theory has been developed out of his homocentric ego, and by the misuse of language he strives to make the facts of life jibe with his theory.

After the instances I have cited of actions of animals which are impossible of explanation as due to instinct, Mr. Burroughs may reply: "Your instances are easily explained by the simple law of association." To this I reply, first, then why did you deny rudimentary reason to animals? and why did you state flatly that "instinct suffices for the animals"? And, second, with great reluctance and with overwhelming humility because of my youth, I suggest that you do not know exactly what you do mean by that phrase "the simple law of association." Your trouble, I repeat, is with definitions. You have grasped that man performs what is called abstract reasoning, you have made a definition of abstract reason, and, betrayed by that great maker of theories, the ego, you have come to think that all reasoning is abstract and that what is not abstract reason is not reason at all. This is your attitude toward rudimentary reason. Such a process, in one of the other animals, must be either abstract or it is not a reasoning process. Your intelligence tells you that such a process is not abstract reasoning, and your homocentric thesis compels you to conclude that it can be only a mechanical, instinctive process.

The Climb of Reason from Mud to Man

DEFINITIONS must agree, not with egos, but with life. Mr. Burroughs goes on the basis that a definition is something hard and fast, absolute and eternal. He forgets that all the universe is in flux; that definitions are arbitrary and ephemeral; that they fix, for a fleeting instant of time, things that in the past were not, that in the future will be not, that out of the past become, and that out of the present pass on to the future and become other things. Definitions can not rule life. Definitions can not be made to rule life. Life must rule definitions or else the definitions perish.

Mr. Burroughs forgets the evolution of reason. He makes a definition of reason without regard to its history, and that definition is of reason purely abstract. Human reason, as we know it to-day, is not a creation, but a growth. Its history goes back to the primordial slime that was quick with muddy life; its history goes back to the first vitalized inorganic. And here are the steps of its ascent from the mud to man: simple reflex action, compound reflex action, memory, habit, rudimentary reason, and abstract reason. In the course of the climb, thanks to natural selection, instinct was evolved. Habit is a development in the individual. Instinct is a race-habit. Instinct is blind, unreasoning, mechanical. This was the dividing of the ways in the climb of aspiring life. The perfect culmination of instinct we find in the ant-heap and the beehive. Instinct proved a blind alley. But the other path, that of reason, led on and on even to Mr. Burroughs and you and me.

The Honey-Bee and the Dog

THERE are no impassable gulfs, unless one chooses, as Mr. Burroughs does, to ignore the lower human types and the higher animal types, and to compare human mind with bird mind. It was impossible for life to reason abstractedly until speech was developed. Equipped with words, with tools of thought, in short, the slow development of the power to reason in the abstract went on. The lowest human types do little or no reasoning in the abstract. With every word, with every increase in the complexity of thought, with every ascertained fact so gained, went on action and reaction in the gray matter of the speech-discoverer, and slowly, step by step, through hundreds of thousands of years, developed the power of reason.

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Turn the bottom of the bottle toward a lighted lamp so that the open mouth is away from the lamp. Vainly, ceaselessly, a thousand times, undeterred by the bafflement and the pain, the bee will hurl himself against the bottom of the bottle as he strives to win to the light. That is instinct. Place your dog in a back yard and go away. He is your dog. He loves you. He yearns toward you as the bee yearns toward the light. He listens to your departing footsteps. But the fence is too high. Then he turns his back upon the direction in which you are departing, and runs around the yard. He is frantic with affection and desire. But he is not blind. He is observant. He is looking for a hole under the fence, or through the fence, or for a place where the fence is not so high. He sees a dry-goods box standing against the fence. Presto! He leaps upon it, goes over the barrier, and tears down the street to overtake you. Is that instinct?

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HERE, in the household where I am writing this, is a little Tahitian "feeding child." He believes firmly that a tiny dwarf resides in the box of my talking-machine and that it is the tiny dwarf who does the singing and the talking. Not even Mr. Burroughs will affirm that the child has reached this conclusion by an instinctive process. Of course the child reasons the existence of the dwarf in the box. How else could the box talk and sing? In that child's limited experience it has never encountered a single instance where speech and song were produced otherwise than by direct human agency. I doubt not that the dog is considerably surprised when he hears his master's voice coming out of a box.

The adult savage, on his first introduction to a telephone, rushes around to the adjoining room to find the man who is talking through the partition. Is this act instinctive? No. Out of his limited experience, out of his limited knowledge of physics, he reasons that the only explanation possible is that a man is in the other room talking through the partition.

But that savage can not be fooled by a hand-mirror. We must go lower down in the animal scale, to the monkey. The monkey swiftly learns that the monkey it sees is not in the glass, wherefore it reaches craftily behind the glass. Is this instinct? No. It is rudimentary reasoning. Lower than the monkey in the scale of brain is the robin, and the robin fights its reflection in the window-pane. Now climb with me for a space. From the robin to the monkey, where is the impassable gulf? and where is the impassable gulf between the monkey and the feeding child? between the feeding child and the savage who seeks the man behind the partition? ay, and between the savage and the astute financiers Mrs. Chadwick fooled and the thousands who were fooled by the Keeley Motor swindle?

Our Relatives, the Other Animals

LET us be very humble. We who are so very human are very animal. Kinship with the other animals is no more repugnant to Mr. Burroughs than was the heliocentric theory to the priests who compelled Galileo to recant. Not correct human reason, not the evidence of the ascertained fact, but pride of ego, was responsible for the repugnance.

In his stiff-necked pride, Mr. Burroughs runs a hazard more humiliating to that pride than any amount of kinship with the other animals. When a dog exhibits choice, direction, control, and reason; when it is shown that certain mental processes in that dog's brain are precisely duplicated in the brain of man; and when Mr. Burroughs convincingly proves that every action of the dog is mechanical and automatic—then, by precisely the same arguments, can it be proved that the similar actions of man are mechanical and automatic. No, Mr. Burroughs, though you stand on the top of the ladder of life, you must not kick out that ladder from under your feet. You must not deny your relatives, the other animals. Their history is your history, and if you kick them to the bottom of the abyss, to the bottom of the abyss you go yourself. By them you stand or fall. What you repudiate in them you repudiate in yourself—a pretty spectacle, truly, of an exalted animal striving to disown the stuff of life out of which it was made, strivings by use of the very reason that was developed by evolution to deny the processes of evolution that developed it. This may be good egotism, but it is not good science.

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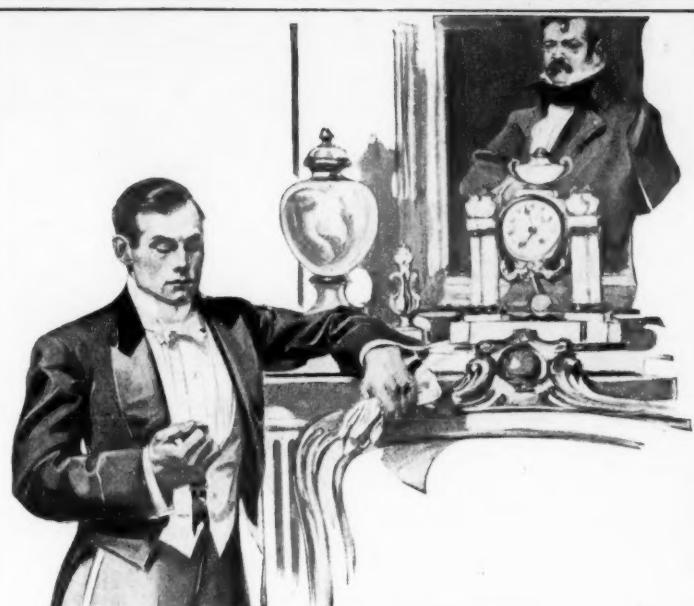
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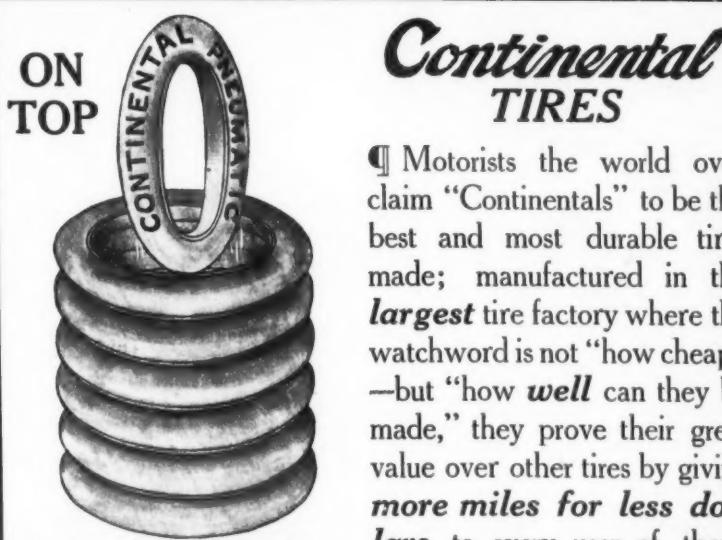
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